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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

CONTAINING

HIS PLAYS AND POEMS;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

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NEW YORK

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME FIFTH,

CONTAINING

TIMON OF ATHENS.
CORIOLANUS.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELLINE.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TIMON of ATHENS.

Perſons repreſented.

Timon, *a noble* Athenian.

Lucius,
Lucullus,
Sempronius, } *Lords, and flatterers of* Timon.

Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *falſe Friends.*

Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*

Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*

Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.

Flaminius,
Lucilius,
Servilius, } Timon's *Servants.*

Caphis,
Philotus,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortenſius, } *Servants to* Timon's *Creditors.*

Two Servants of Varro, *and the Servant of* Iſidore; *two* Timon's *Creditors.*

Cupid *and Maſkers. Three Strangers.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. *A Page. A Fool.*

Phrynia,
Timandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods adjoining.*

TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Hall in* TIMON's *Houſe.*
Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, *and Others, at ſeveral doors.*

POET. Good day, ſir.
PAIN. I am glad you are well.
POET. I have not ſeen you long; How goes the world?
PAIN. It wears, ſir, as it grows.
POET. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
PAIN. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.
MER. O, 'tis a worthy lord!
JEW. Nay, that's moſt fix'd.
MER. A moſt incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs:
He paſſes.
JEW. I have a jewel here.
MER. O, pray, let's ſee't: For the lord Timon, ſir?
JEW. If he will touch the eſtimate: But, for that——

Poet. When we for recompenſe have prais'd the vile,
It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, ſir, in ſome work, ſome dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing ſlipp'd idly from me.
Our poeſy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nouriſhed: The fire i'the flint
Shows not, till it be ſtruck; our gentle flame
Provokes itſelf, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, ſir.—And when comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my preſentment, ſir.
Let's ſee your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding! what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature: artificial ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *and paſs over.*

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The ſenators of Athens;—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſitors.
I have, in this rough work, ſhap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itſelf
In a wide ſea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You ſee how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and ſlippery creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality,) tender down
Their ſervices to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleaſant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The baſe o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
To propagate their ſtates: amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſovereign lady fix'd,
One do I perſonate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

PAIN. 'Tis conceiv'd to ſcope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſs'd
In our condition.

POET. Nay, ſir, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain ſacrificial whiſperings in his ear,
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

PAIN. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

POET. When Fortune, in her ſhift and change of mc
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

PAIN. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhow,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To ſhow lord Timon, that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets ſound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the* SERVAN
VENTIDIUS *talking with him.*

TIM. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you?

VEN. SERV. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his d
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtrait:
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to ſhake off
My friend when he muſt need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Ven. Serv. Your lordſhip ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will ſend his ranſom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after.—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. All happineſs to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd Lucilius.
Tim. I have ſo: What of him? [thee.
Old Ath. Moſt noble Timon, call the man before
Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordſhip's ſervice. [ture,
Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy crea-
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;

Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*to Lucilius.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the gods to witneſs, I will chooſe
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endow'd,
If ſhe be mated with an equal huſband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the preſent; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Moſt noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordſhip: Never may
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your lordſhip!

Tim. I thank you; you ſhall hear from me anon:

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beſeech
Your lordſhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outſide: Theſe pencil'd figures are
Even ſuch as they give out. I like your work;
And you ſhall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preſerve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;
We muſt needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.

Jew. What, my lord? diſpraiſe?

Tim. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe, which ſell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their maſters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he ſpeaks the common tongue,
Which all men ſpeak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordſhip.

Mer. He'll ſpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and theſe knaves honeſt.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves? thou know'ſt them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'ſt, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likeſt thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt it: Take it for thy labour

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets ſound. Enter a SERVANT.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horſe, all of companionſhip.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—

[*Exeunt ſome Attendants.*

You muſt needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your ſights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his Company.*

Moſt welcome, ſir! [*They ſalute.*

APEM. So, ſo; there!—
Aches contract and ſtarve your ſupple joints!—
That there ſhould be ſmall love 'mongſt theſe ſweet knaves,
And all this court'ſy! The ſtrain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

ALCIB. Sir, you have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungrily on your ſight.

TIM. Right welcome, ſir:
Ere we depart, we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

Enter two LORDS.

1 LORD. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

APEM. Time to be honeſt.

1 LORD. That time ſerves ſtill.

APEM. The moſt accurſed thou, that ſtill omit'ſt it.

2 LORD. Thou art going to lord Timon's feaſt.

APEM. Ay; to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 LORD. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEM. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 LORD. Why, Apemantus?

APEM. Shouldſt have kept one to thyſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

1 LORD. Hang thyſelf.

APEM. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend.

2 LORD. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll ſpurn thee hence.

APEM. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the aſs. [*Exit.*

1 LORD. He's oppoſite to humanity. Come, ſhall we in,
And taſte lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

The very heart of kindneſs.

2 LORD. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his ſteward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.

1 LORD. The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 LORD. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 LORD. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room of State in TIMON'S *Houſe. Hautboys playing loud muſick. A great banquet ſerved in;* FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* Athenian *Senators, with* VENTIDIUS *and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *diſcontentedly.*

VEN. Moſt honour'd Timon, 't hath pleaſed the gods
My father's age, and call him to long peace. [remember
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

TIM. O, by no means,
Honeſt Ventidius; you miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly ſay, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.

VEN. A noble ſpirit.

[*They all ſtand ceremoniouſly looking on* TIMON.

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at firſt, to ſet a gloſs
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They ſi*

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confeſs'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No,
You ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a humour the
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They ſay, my lords, that *ira furor brevis eſt*,
But yond' man's ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himſelf;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thine own peril, Timon;
I come to obſerve; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Atheniar
therefore welcome: I myſelf would have no power: 'pr'
thee, let my meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I ſhou
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he ſees them not!
It grieves me, to ſee ſo many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madneſs is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare truſt themſelves with men:
Methinks, they ſhould invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readieſt man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I
Were a huge man, I ſhould fear to drink at meals;
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Thoſe healths will make thee, and thy ſtate, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myſelf:
Grant I may never prove ſo fond,
To truſt man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems a ſleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a feaſt.

Apem. 'Would all thoſe flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happineſs, my lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have much help from you: How had you been my friends elſe? why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myſelf than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of them? they were the moſt needleſs creatures living; ſhould we ne'er have uſe for them: and would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have often wiſh'd myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have ſo many, like brothers commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that inſtant, like a babe ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket ſounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Pleaſe you, my lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to ſignify their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taſte!—The five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous boſom: The ear,
Taſte, touch, ſmell, all pleas'd from thy table riſe;
They only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:—
Muſick, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*

1 *Lord.* You ſee, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Muſick. Re-enter Cupid, with a maſque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Hey day! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life,
As this pomp ſhows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourſelves fools, to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears

Not one ſpurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I ſhould fear, thoſe, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: It has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting ſun.

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of TIMON; *and to ſhow their loves, each ſingles out an Amazon, and al dance, men with women, a lofty ſtrain or two to the haut boys, and ceaſe.*

TIM. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fai
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment, [ladies
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 *LADY.* My lord, you take us even at the beſt.

APEM. 'Faith, for the worſt is filthy; and would no hold taking, I doubt me.

TIM. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: Pleaſe you to diſpoſe yourſelves.

ALL LAD. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* CUPID *and* LADIES

TIM. Flavius,——

FLAV. My lord.

TIM. The little caſket bring me hither.

FLAV. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no croſſing him in his humour; [*Aſide*
Elſe I ſhould tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns, with the caſket*

1 *LORD.* Where be our men?

SERV. Here, my lord, in readineſs.

2 LORD. Our horſes.

TIM. O my friends, I have one word
To ſay to you:—Look you, my good lord, I muſt
Entreat you, honour me ſo much, as to
Advance this jewel;
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 LORD. I am ſo far already in your gifts,—

ALL. So are we all.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. My lord, there are certain nobles of the ſenate
Newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

TIM. They are fairly welcome.

FLAV. I beſeech your honour,
Vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.

TIM. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To ſhow them entertainment.

FLAV. I ſcarce know how. [*Aſide.*

Enter another SERVANT.

2 SERV. May it pleaſe your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath preſented to you
Four milk-white horſes, trapp'd in ſilver.

TIM. I ſhall accept them fairly: let the preſents

Enter a third SERVANT.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 SERV. Pleaſe you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has ſent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

TIM. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

FLAV. [*Aſide.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer.
Nor will he know his purſe; or yield me this,
To ſhow him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good;
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is ſo kind, that he now
Pays intereſt for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourſelves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord; a trifle of our love. [ceive it.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will re-

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very ſoul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courſer
I rode on: it is yours, becauſe you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living

Amongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound,——

Tim. And ſo
Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,——

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1 *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the ſums
That are given for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs:
Methinks, falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not ſullen,
I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'ſt ſin the faſter.
Thou giv'ſt ſo long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyſelf in paper ſhortly:
What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay,
An you begin to rail on ſociety once,
I am ſworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better muſick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So;——
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou ſhalt not then,—I'll lock
Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears ſhould be

To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The ſame. A Room in a SENATOR'S *Houſe.*

Enter a SENATOR, *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thouſand to Varro; and to Iſidore
He owes nine thouſand; beſides my former ſum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horſe to Timon,
Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me, ſtraight,
And able horſes: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites
All that paſs by. It cannot hold; no reaſon
Can found his ſtate in ſafety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I ſay!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, ſir; What is your pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd, when—
Commend me to your maſter—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, ſirrah,
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have ſmit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief

Muſt not be toſs'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a moſt importunate aſpéct,
A viſage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flaſhes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, ſir.

Sen. I go, ſir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, ſir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Hall in Timon's Houſe.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no ſtop! ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor reſumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Iſidore *and* Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your buſineſs too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Iſidore?

Isid. Serv. It is ſo.

Caph. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords, &c.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my ſteward.

Caph. Pleaſe it your lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new days this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,——

Tim. Contain thyſelf, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's ſervant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Iſidore;
He humbly prays your ſpeedy payment,——

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my maſter's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, ſix week
And paſt,——

Isid. Serv. Your ſteward puts me off, my lord;
And I am ſent expreſsly to your lordſhip.

Tim. Give me breath:——
I do beſeech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and Lords*
I'll wait on you inſtantly.—Come hither, pray you.
[*To* FLAVIUS
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,

gainſt my honour?

Flav. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
he time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
our importunacy ceaſe, till after dinner;
hat I may make his lordſhip underſtand
Vherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo, my friends:
ee them well entertain'd. [*Exit Timon.*

Flav. I pray, draw near. [*Exit Flavius.*

Enter Apemantus and a Fool.

Capn. Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How doſt, fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. Serv. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyſelf.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*To Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Capn. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He laſt aſk'd the queſtion.—Poor rogues, and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Aſſes.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you aſk me, what you are, and do not know yourſelves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your miſtreſs?

Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are. 'Would, we could ſee you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my miſtreſs' page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company?—How doſt thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou waſt whelp'd a dog; and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit Page.*

Apem. Even ſo thou out-run'ſt grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon ſtay at home.—You three ſerve three uſurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they ſerved us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman ſerved thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant: My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go

away merry; but they enter my miſtreſs' houſe merrily, and go away ſadly: The reaſon of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit: ſometime, it appears like a lord; ſometime, like a lawyer; ſometime, like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all ſhapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man: as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aſide, aſide; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime, the philoſopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav 'Pray you, walk near; I'll ſpeak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Serv.*

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me;
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, ſome ſingle 'vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back;
And that unaptneſs made your miniſter,
Thus to excuſe yourſelf.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay, you found them in mine honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much, I have ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe: I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greateſt of your having lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.

Tim. Let all my land be ſold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues: the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you ſuſpect my huſbandry, or falſehood,
Call me before the exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the gods bleſs me,
When all our offices have been oppreſs'd

With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy;
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves, and peaſants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowers,
Theſe flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath paſs'd my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep? Canſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Flav. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And, in ſome ſort, theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends: You ſhall perceive, how you
Miſtake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* SERVANTS.

Serv. My lord, my lord,— [cius,—

Tim. I will deſpatch you ſeverally.—You, to lord Lu-

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, ſay,
That my occaſions have found time to uſe them
Toward a ſupply of money: let the requeſt
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph! [*Aſide.*

Tim. Go you, ſir, [*To another Serv.*] to the ſenators,
(Of whom, even to the ſtate's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing,) bid 'em ſend o'the inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the moſt general way,)
To them to uſe your ſignet, and your name;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They anſwer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wiſh'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiſs—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And ſo, intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtateful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: Theſe old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows;
Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a* SERV.] Pr'ythee, [*To* FLAVIUS,] be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; ingeniouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*To* SERV.] Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father; by whoſe death, he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: when he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With thoſe five talents:—that had,—[*To* FLAVIUS.] give it theſe fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.

FLAV. I would, I could not think it; That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The ſame. A Room in LUCULLUS's *Houſe.* FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a* SERVANT *to him.*

SERV. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

FLAM. I thank you, ſir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

SERV. Here's my lord.

LUCUL. [*Aſide.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a ſilver baſon and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honeſt Flaminius; you are very reſpectively welcome, ſir.——Fill me ſome

wine.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and maſter?

FLAM. His health is well, ſir.

LUCUL. I am right glad that his health is well, ſir: And what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

FLAM. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, ſir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to ſupply; who, having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your lordſhip to furniſh him; nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

LUCUL. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, ſays he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him, of purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs: and yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning, by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honeſty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter SERVANT, *with wine.*

SERV. Pleaſe your lordſhip, here is the wine.

LUCUL. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

FLAM. Your lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

LUCUL. I have obſerved thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, ſirrah, [*To the* SERVANT, *who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honeſt Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wiſe; and thou know'ſt well enough, although thou comeſt to me, that this is no time

to lend money; eſpecially upon bare friendſhip, without ſecurity. Here's three ſolidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible, the world ſhould ſo much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! Now I ſee, thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit Lucullus.*

Flam. May theſe add to the number that may ſcald
Let molten coin be thy damnation, [thee!
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf!
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
It turns in leſs than two nights? O ye gods,
I feel my maſter's paſſion! This ſlave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poiſon?
O, may diſeaſes only work upon't!
And, when he is ſick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A publick Place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no leſs, though we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow ſo many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and ſhow'd what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? now, before the gods, I am aſham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhow'd in't. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he miſtook him, and ſent to me, I ſhould ne'er have denied his occaſion ſo many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have ſweat to ſee his honour.—My honour'd lord,— [*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, ſir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your honour, my lord hath ſent—

Luc. Ha! what has he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that lord; he's ever ſending: How ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Ser. He has only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my lord; requeſting your lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with ſo many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordſhip is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my lord.
If his occaſion were not virtuous,
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, ſir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might have ſhown myſelf honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beaſt, I ſay:—I was ſending to uſe lord Timon myſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip; and I hope, his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, ſir, I ſhall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you ſaid, Timon is ſhrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly ſpeed.

[*Exit Lucius.*

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this
Is the world's ſoul; and juſt of the ſame piece
Is every flatterer's ſpirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the ſame diſh? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purſe;
Supported his eſtate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip;

And yet, (O, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!)
He does deny him, in reſpect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never taſted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpenſe;
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Room in Sempronius's *Houſe.*

Enter Sempronius, *and a* Servant *of* Timon's.

Sem. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon: All theſe three
Owe their eſtates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found baſe metal; for
They have all deny'd him?

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? Three? humph!—
It ſhows but little love or judgement in him.

Muſt I be his laſt refuge? His friends, like phyſicians,
Thrive, give him over; Muſt I take the cure upon me?
He has much diſgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have woo'd me firſt;
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think ſo backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it laſt? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the reſt,
And I amongſt the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
He had ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake;
I had ſuch a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordſhip's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he croſs'd himſelf by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will ſet him clear. How fairly this lord ſtrives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like thoſe that, under hot ardent zeal, would ſet whole realms on fire.
Of ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. A Hall in TIMON's *Houſe.*

Enter two SERVANTS *of* VARRO, *and the* SERVANT *of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other Servants to* TIMON's *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

VAR. SERV. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Ho

TIT. The like to you, kind Varro. [tenſiu

HOR. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

LUC. SERV. Ay, and, I think,

One buſineſs does command us all; for mine

Is money.

TIT. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

LUC. SERV. And ſir

Philotus too!

PHI. Good day at once.

LUC. SERV. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

PHI. Labouring for nine.

LUC. SERV. So much?

PHI. Is not my lord ſeen yet?

LUC. SERV. Not yet.

PHI. I wonder on't; he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.

LUC. SERV. Ay, but the days are waxed ſhorter with him

You muſt conſider, that a prodigal courſe

Is like the ſun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear,

'Tis deepeſt winter in lord Timon's purſe;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet

Find little.

PHI. I am of your fear for that.

TIT. I'll ſhow you how to obſerve a ſtrange event.

Your lord ſends now for money.

Hor. Moſt true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is againſt my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord ſhould wear rich jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witneſs:
I know, my lord hath ſpent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns:
What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thouſand mine.

1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it ſhould ſeem by the ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;
Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! ſir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordſhip; 'pray, ſignify ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, ſir?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, ſir,—

Flav. What do you aſk of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, ſir.

Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your ſums and bills, when your falſe maſters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could ſmile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' intereſt
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourſelves but wrong,
To ſtir me up; let me paſs quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

Flav. If 'twill not,
'Tis not ſo baſe as you; for you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? ſuch may rail againſt great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we ſhall know
Some anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen,
To repair ſome other hour, I ſhould much
Derive from it: for, take it on my ſoul,
My lord leans wond'rouſly to diſcontent.
His comfortable temper has forſook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And, if it be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks, he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an anſwer, ſir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

Enter TIMON *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhow me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,——

Tim. Cut my heart in ſums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thouſand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you!
[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our maſters may throw their caps at their money; theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves:
Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,——

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?
Flav. My lord,——
Tim. I'll have it ſo:—My ſteward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There is not ſo much left, to furniſh out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeu*

SCENE V. The ſame. The Senate-Houſe.
The Senate ſitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the fau[blood
'Tis neceſſary, he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe him.
Alcib. Honour, health, and compaſſion to the ſenat
1 *Sen.* Now, captain!
Alcib. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath ſtepp'd into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, ſetting his fate aſide,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardice;

(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manſlaughter into form, ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour miſbegot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outſides; wear them like his raiment, careleſsly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord,——

1 *Sen.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threatnings? ſleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;

And th' aſs, more captain than the lion; the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,
If wiſdom be in ſuffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extremeſt guſt;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis moſt juſt.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his ſervice done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I ſay, my lords, h'as done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a ſworn rioter: h'as a ſin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour priſoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deſerts to his, and join them both:

And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;
For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our diſpleaſure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that ſpills another.

Alcib. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be. My lords,
I do beſeech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not elſe be, I ſhould prove ſo baſe,
To ſue, and be denied ſuch common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;
We baniſh thee for ever.

Alcib. Baniſh me?
Baniſh your dotage; baniſh uſury,
That makes the ſenate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' ſhine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to ſwell our ſpirit,
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you! [
I am worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I myſelf,

Rich only in large hurts;—All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam, that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! baniſhment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be bániſh'd;
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with moſt lands to be at odds;
Soldiers ſhould brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. A magnificent Room in TIMON'S *Houſe. Muſick. Tables ſet out: Servants attending. Enter divers* LORDS, *at ſeveral doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, ſir.

2 *Lord.* I alſo wiſh it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the trial of his ſeveral friends.

2 *Lord.* It ſhould not be, by the perſuaſion of his new feaſting.

1 *Lord.* I ſhould think ſo: He hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs, but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Lord.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 LORD. A thouſand pieces.

2 LORD. A thouſand pieces!

1 LORD. What of you?

3 LORD. He ſent to me, ſir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, *and Attendants.*

TIM. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 LORD. Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2 LORD. The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willing, than we your lordſhip.

TIM. [*Aſide.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; ſuch ſummer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick awhile; if they will fare ſo harſhly on the trumpet's ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 LORD. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

TIM. O, ſir, let it not trouble you.

2 LORD. My noble lord,——

TIM. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 LORD. My moſt honourable lord, I am e'en ſick of ſhame, that, when your lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

TIM. Think not on't, ſir.

2 LORD. If you had ſent but two hours before,—

TIM. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 LORD. All cover'd diſhes!

1 LORD. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 LORD. Doubt not that, if money, and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 LORD. How do you do? What's the news?

3 LORD. Alcibiades is baniſh'd: Hear you of it?

1. 2 LORD. Alcibiades baniſh'd!

3 LORD. 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 LORD. How? how?

2 LORD. I pray you, upon what?

TIM. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 LORD. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble fea toward.

2 LORD. This is the old man ſtill.

3 LORD. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 LORD. It does: but time will—and ſo——

3 LORD. I do conceive.

TIM. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he wou to the lip of his miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all plac alike. Make not a city feaſt of it, to let the meat co ere we can agree upon the firſt place: Sit, ſit. The go require our thanks.

You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfu neſs. For your own gifts, make yourſelves praiſed: but r ſerve ſtill to give, leſt your deities be deſpiſed. Lend to ea man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were yo godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Ma the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains: If there twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as th are.—The reſt of your fees, O gods,—the ſenators of Athe together with the common lag of people,—what is amiſs them, you gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe preſent friends,—as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bl them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover dogs, and lap.

[*The diſhes uncovered are full of warm wat*

SOME SPEAK. What does his lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! ſmoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's laſt;
Who ſtuck and ſpangled you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee ſlaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beaſt, the infinite malady
Cruſt you quite o'er!—What, doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy phyſick firſt,—thou too,—and thou;—
[*Throws the diſhes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feaſt,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn, houſe; ſink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, *with other* Lords *and* Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Piſh! did you ſee my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have loſt my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you ſee my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you ſee my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no ſtay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! ſlaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads! to general filths
Convert o'the inſtant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſter's throats! bound ſervants, ſteal!
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o'the brothel! ſon of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries, and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confuſion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for ſtroke! thou cold ſciatica,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt

As lamely as their manners! luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian boſoms; and their crop
Be general leproſy! breath infect breath;
That their ſociety, as their friendſhip, may
Be merely poiſon! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou déteſtable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
Timon will to the woods; where he ſhall find
The unkindeſt beaſt more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three* SERVANTS.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, maſter ſteward, where's our maſter?
Are we undone? caſt off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a houſe broke!
So noble a maſter fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,

Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other SERVANTS.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into this ſea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Wherever we ſhall meet, for Timon's ſake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes,
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;

[*Giving them mone*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt* SERVANT

O, the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends?
Poor honeſt lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodneſs! Strange, unuſual blood,
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?

For bounty, that makes gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt lord,—bleſs'd, to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful ſeat
Of monſtrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O bleſſed breeding ſun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy ſiſter's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with ſeveral fortunes;
The greater ſcorns the leſſer: Not nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the paſture lards the brother's ſides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd

All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblable, yea, himſelf, Timon diſdains:
Deſtruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſauce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votariſt. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides;
Pluck ſtout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leproſy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the ſpital-houſe, and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—
Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:—
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*
PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For ſhowing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?
Tim. I am *miſanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ſtrange. [thee,
Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know
not deſire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what ſhould war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiſs thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no ſuns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendſhip may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promiſe, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou doſt perform, confound thee,
For thour't a man!
Alcib. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them, when I had proſperity.

Alcib. I ſee them now; then was a bleſſed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the worl
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Tymandra?

Tyman. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore ſtill! they love thee not, that uſe thee
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt.
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours: ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down roſe-cheeked youth,
To the tub-faſt, and the diet.

Tyman. Hang thee, monſter!

Alcib. Pardon him, ſweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How curſed Athens, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's ſome gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cauſe.

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy conqueſt; ar
Thee after, when thou haſt conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,
By killing villains, thou waſt born to conquer
My country.
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: Let not thy ſword ſkip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an uſurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is the habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a baſtard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe: Swear againſt objects;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſts in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers:
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! ſpeak not, be gone.

Alcib. Haſt thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
Not all thy counſel. [giv'ſt me,

Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heaven's curſe upon
thee! [thou more?

Phr. and Tym. Give us ſome gold, good Timon: Haſt

Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you ſluts,

Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear,
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—ſpare your oaths,
I'll truſt to your conditions: Be whores ſtill;
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, ſix months
Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—ſome that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore ſtill
Paint till a horſe may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Tym. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man; ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar men's ſpurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly: hoar the flamen,
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf; down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee, [bald;
Smells from the general weal: Make curl'd-pate ruffians
And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The ſource of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all! [bounteous Timon.

Phr. and Tym. More counſel, with more money,

Tim. More whore, more miſchief firſt; I have given you earneſt.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alcib. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it ſuch. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TYMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,
Teems, and feeds all; whoſe ſelf-ſame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below criſp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth ſhine;
Yield him, who all thy human ſons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion all above
Never preſented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!

Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquoriſh draughts,
And morſels unctuous, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

APEM. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

TIM. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Conſumption catch thee!

APEM. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place
This ſlave-like habit? and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lie ſoft;
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not theſe woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt obſerve,
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent: Thou waſt told thus;
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt,
That thou turn raſcal; had'ſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.

TIM. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myſelf.

APEM. Thou haſt caſt away thyſelf, being like thyſelf
A madman ſo long, now a fool: What, think'ſt
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? Will theſe moſs'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,

And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taſte,
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? call the creatures,—
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpite
Of wreakful heaven; whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou ſhalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.

Apem. I flatter not; but ſay, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What? a knave too?

Apem. If thou didſt put this ſour-cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly; thou'dſt courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, never complete;
The other, at high wiſh: Beſt ſtate, contentleſs,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe than the worſt, content.
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd; but bred a dog.

Hadſt thou, like us, from our firſt ſwath, proceeded
The ſweet degrees that this brief world affords
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'ſt have plung'd thyſelf
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect, but follow'd
The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's bruſh
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every ſtorm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burden:
Thy nature did commence in ſufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What haſt thou given?
If thou wilt curſe,—thy father, that poor rag,
Muſt be thy ſubject; who in ſpite, put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have, ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feaſt.

[*Offering him ſomething.*

Tim. Firſt mend my company, take away thyſelf.

Apem. So I ſhall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'ſt thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, Tell them there I have gold; look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt, and trueſt: For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt o'nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'ſt thou o'days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my ſtomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſauce thy diſhes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends: When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curioſity; in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpiſed for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhould'ſt have loved thyſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee; thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What would'ſt thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'ſt thou have thyſelf fall in the confuſion of men, and remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs: if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou livedſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'ſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou would'ſt be ſeiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy ſafety were remotion; and thy defence, abſence. What beaſt could'ſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation?

Apem. If thou could'ſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leproſy, but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I ſhould infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'ſt burſt!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am ſorry, I ſhall loſe
A ſtone by thee. [*Throws a ſtone at him.*

Apem. Beaſt!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*
I am ſick of this falſe world; and will love nought

But even the mere neceſſities upon it.
Then, Timon, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou viſible god,
That ſolder'ſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tong
To every purpoſe! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere ſo;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll ſay, thou haſt gold:
Thou will be throng'd to ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy miſery!

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die!—I am quit.—
[*Exit Apeman*
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor th

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſ
poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder:
mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his frie
drove him into this melancholy.

2 THIEF. It is nois'd, he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3 THIEF. Let us make the aſſay upon him; if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily; If he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2 THIEF. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 THIEF. Is not this he?

THIEVES. Where?

2 THIEF. 'Tis his deſcription.

3 THIEF. He; I know him.

THIEVES. Save thee, Timon.

TIM. Now, thieves?

THIEVES. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIM. Both too; and women's ſons. [want.

THIEVES. We are not thieves, but men that much do

TIM. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat.
Why ſhould you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred ſprings:
The oaks bear maſt, the briars ſcarlet hips;
The bounteous houſewife, nature, on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?

1 THIEF. We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes.

TIM. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds, and fiſhes;
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,
That you are thieves profeſs'd; that you work not
In holier ſhapes: for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions. Raſcal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood of the grape,
Till the high fever ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo 'ſcape hanging: truſt not the phyſician;
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, ſince you profeſs to do't,

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt ſea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun:
The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves
The moon into ſalt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourſelves; away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
Break open ſhops; nothing can you ſteal,
But thieves do loſe it: Steal not leſs, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howſoever!
Amen. [*Timon retires to his cave.*

3 *Thief.* He has almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens: There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly beſtow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Deſperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man was wiſh'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will preſent
My honeſt grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still ſerve him with my life.—My deareſt maſter!

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

TIM. Away! what art thou?

FLAV. Have you forgot me, ſir?

TIM. Why doſt aſk that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'ſt thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

FLAV. An honeſt poor ſervant of yours.

TIM. Then
I know thee not: I ne'er had honeſt man
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
To ſerve in meat to villains.

FLAV. The gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

TIM. What, doſt thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give,
But thorough luſt, and laughter. Pity's ſleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.

TIM. Had I a ſteward ſo true, ſo juſt, and now
So comfortable? It almoſt turns

My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
Perpetual-ſober gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man,—miſtake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a ſteward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: But all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks, thou art more honeſt now, than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure,)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
If not a uſuring kindneſs; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my moſt worthy maſter, in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt:
Suſpect ſtill comes where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhow, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My moſt honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
For this one wiſh, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourſelf.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo!—Thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my miſery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich, and happy:

But thus condition'd; Thou ſhalt build from men;
Hate all, curſe all: ſhow charity to none;
But let the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men; let priſons ſwallow them,
Debts wither them: Be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods!
And ſo, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me ſtay,
And comfort you, my maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt
Curſes, ſtay not; fly, whilſt thou'rt bleſs'd and free:
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The ſame. Before TIMON's Cave.

Enter POET and PAINTER; TIMON behind, unſeen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is ſo full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewiſe enrich'd poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity: 'Tis ſaid, he gave unto his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in Athens again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppoſed diſtreſs of his: it will ſhow honeſtly in us; and is very likely

to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be juſt and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt. Promiſing is the very air the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed of ſaying is quite out of uſe. To promiſe is moſt courtly and faſhionable: performance is a kind of will, or teſtament, which argues great ſickneſs in his judgement that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as is thyſelf.

Poet. I am thinking, what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him: It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf: a ſatire againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity; with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's ſeek him:
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day ſerves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'ſt by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold
That he is worſhipp'd in a baſer temple,
Than where ſwine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plough'ſt the foam;
Settleſt admired reverence in a ſlave:
To thee be worſhip! and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I do meet them. [*Advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble maſter.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures—O abhorred ſpirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better:
You, that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen, and known.

Pain. He, and myſelf,
Have travell'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honeſt men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our ſervice.

Tim. Moſt honeſt men! Why, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.

Tim. You are honeſt men: You have heard that I have gold;
I am ſure, you have: ſpeak truth: you are honeſt men.

Pain. So it is ſaid, my noble lord: but therefore

Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honeſt men:—Thou draw'ſt a counterfeit
Beſt in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the beſt;
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.

Pain. So, ſo, my lord.

Tim. Even ſo, ſir, as I ſay:—And, for thy fiction,
[*To the Poet.*
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beſeech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your boſom: yet remain aſſur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none ſuch, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me theſe villains from your companies:
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—
Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains ſhall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou would'ſt not reſide
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye ſlaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that:—
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with Timon;
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing, but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promiſe to the Athenians,
To ſpeak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame. 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their moſt reverend ſenate, greet thee:

Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn?—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a bliſter! and each falſe
Be as a caut'rizing to the root o' the tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but ſuch as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The ſenators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for ourſelves in thee.
The ſenators, with one conſent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs,
Toward thee, forgetfulneſs too general, groſs:
Which now the publick body,—which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itſelf
A lack of Timon's aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own fall, reſtraining aid to Timon;
And ſend forth us, to make their ſorrowed render,
Together with a recompenſe more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

1 SEN. Therefore, ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority :—ſo ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 SEN. And ſhakes his threat'ning ſword
Againſt the walls of Athens.

1 SEN. Therefore, Timon,—

TIM. Well, ſir, I will; therefore I will, ſir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he ſack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and, tell him, Timon ſpeaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chooſe but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him tak't at worſt; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer: for myſelf,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'ſt throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

FLAV. Stay not, all's in vain.

TIM. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to-morrow; My long ſickneſs

Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And laſt ſo long enough!

1 *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* Theſe words become your lips as they paſs through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will ſome kindneſs do them
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my cloſe,
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the ſequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himſelf:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion

Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a day with his emboſſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit* TIMON.

1 SEN. His diſcontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 SEN. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 SEN. It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Walls of Athens.

Enter two SENATORS, *and a* MESSENGER.

1 SEN. Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

MESS. I have ſpoke the leaſt:
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent approach.

2 SEN. We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

MESS. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i' the cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter SENATORS *from* Timon.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choke the air with duſt: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The Woods. Timon's *Cave, and a tomb-ſtone ſeen.*

Enter a Soldier, *ſeeking* Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho!—No anſwer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretch'd his ſpan:
Some beaſt rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, ſure; and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades, *and Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley ſounded.*

Enter Senators *on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice; till now, myſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly: Now the time is fluſh,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer ſtrong,

Cries, of itſelf, *No more:* now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe;
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe of fear,
We ſent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great towers, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the deſtin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare, to take,
On thoſe that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,

Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and thoſe kin,
Which, in the bluſter of thy wrath, muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended: like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope;
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports:
Thoſe enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds,
But ſhall be remedied, to your publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.

Alcib. Deſcend, and keep your words.

The Senators deſcend, and open the gates.

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOL. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the ſea:
And, on his grave-ſtone, this inſculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

ALCIB. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:*
Seek not my name: A plague conſume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill; but paſs, and ſtay not here thy gait.
Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorr'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brain's flow, and thoſe our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whoſe memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will uſe the olive with my ſword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war; make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums ſtrike. [*Exeunt.*

CORIOLANUS.

Perſons repreſented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble* Roman.
Titus Lartius, Cominius, } *Generals againſt the* Volſcians.
Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to* Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Young Marcius, *Son to* Coriolanus.
A Roman *Herald.*
Tullus Aufidius, *General of the* Volſcians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conſpirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volſcian *Guards.*

Volumnia, *Mother to* Coriolanus.
Virgilia, *Wife to* Coriolanus.
Valeria, *Friend to* Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volſcian *Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Meſſengers, Servants to* Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE, partly in Rome ; *and partly in the Territories of the* Volſcians *and* Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous CITIZENS, *with ſtaves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

Cit. Speak, ſpeak. [*ſeveral ſpeaking at once.*

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die, than to famiſh?

Cit. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholeſome, we might gueſs, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to

particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt Caius Marcius?

Cit. Againſt him firſt; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end: though ſoft-conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay, it was for his country, he did it to pleaſe his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are theſe? The other ſide o'the city is riſen: Why ſtay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough; 'Would all the reſt were ſo!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the ſenate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhow 'em in deeds. They ſay, poor ſuitors have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know, we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. Why, maſters, my good friends, mine honeſt neighbours,
Will you undo yourſelves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, ſir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the Roman ſtate; whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
Of more ſtrong link aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you ſlander
The helms o'the ſtate, who care for you like fathers,
When you curſe them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their ſtore-houſes cramm'd with grain; make edicts for uſury, to ſupport uſurers: repeal daily any wholeſome act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich; and provide more piercing ſtatutes daily, to chain up and reſtrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt

Confeſs yourſelves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale 't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, ſir: yet you muſt not think to fob off our diſgrace with a tale: but, an't pleaſe you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midſt o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where the other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, ſir, what anſwer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you.—With a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak,) it tauntingly reply'd
To the diſcontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even ſo moſt fitly
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's anſwer: What!
The kingly-crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they——

MEN. What then?—
Fore me, this fellow ſpeaks!—what then? what then?
1 CIT. Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o' the body,—
MEN. Well, what then?
1 CIT. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?
MEN. I will tell you;
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's anſwer.
1 CIT. You are long about it.
MEN. Note me this, good friends;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his accuſers, and thus anſwer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Becauſe I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the ſeat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this ſays the belly,) mark me,—
1 CIT. Ay, ſir; well, well.
MEN. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?
1 CIT. It was an anſwer: How apply you this?

Men. The ſenators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counſels, and their cares; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you ſhall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourſelves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this aſſembly?

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one of the loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt,
Of this moſt wiſe rebellion, thou go'ſt foremoſt:
Thou raſcal, that art worſt in blood, to run
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome 'vantage.—
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one ſide muſt have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you diſſentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourſelves ſcabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geeſe: You are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice did it. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate: and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt that

Which would increaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye! Truſt ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeveral places of the city
You cry againſt the noble ſenate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another?—What's their ſeeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they ſay,
The city is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang'em! They ſay?
They'll fit by the fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to riſe, [out
Who thrives, and who declines: ſide factions, and give
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled ſhoes. They ſay, there's grain e-
Would the nobility lay aſide their ruth, [nough?
And let me uſe my ſword, I'd make a quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded;
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd: Hang 'em!
They ſaid, they were an-hungry; ſigh'd forth proverbs;—
That, hunger broke ſtone walls; that, dogs muſt eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods ſent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With theſe ſhreds
They vented their complainings; which being anſwer'd,

And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
(To break the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'s death!
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroof'd the city,
Ere ſo prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For inſurrection's arguing.

Men. This is ſtrange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, ſir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity:—See, our beſt elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus, and Sicinius Velutus.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 SEN. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COM. It is your former promise.

MAR. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

TIT. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

MEN. O, true bred!

1 SEN. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

TIT. Lead you on:—
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

COM. Noble Lartius!

1 SEN. Hence! To your homes, be gone.
[*To the* CITIZENS.

MAR. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Exeunt* SENATORS, COM. MAR. TIT. *and* MENEN. *Citizens steal away.*

SIC. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

BRU. He has no equal.

SIC. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

BRU. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

SIC. Nay, but his taunts.

BRU. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modeſt moon.

Bru. The preſent wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the buſineſs!

Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on Marcius, ſhall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius ſhall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the deſpatch is made; and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeu*

SCENE II. Corioli. *The Senate-Houſe.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and certain* SENATORS.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,

hat they of Rome are enter'd in our counſels,
nd know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
hat ever hath been thought on in this ſtate,
hat could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
ad circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
ince I heard thence; theſe are the words: I think,
have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*reads.*

hey have preſs'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for eaſt, or weſt: The dearth is great;
he people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius *your old enemy,*
(Who is of Rome worſe hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, *a moſt valiant Roman,*
Theſe three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhow themſelves; which in the hatching,
It ſeem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almoſt, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commiſſion; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they ſet down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods aſſiſt you!

Auf. And keep your honours ſafe!

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Ex*

SCENE III. Rome. *An Apartment in* MARCIUS' H
Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They ſit down on low ſtools, and ſew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, ſing; or expreſs you in a more comfortable ſort: If my ſon were my l band, I ſhould freelier rejoice in that abſence whe he won honour, than in the embracements of his l where he would ſhow moſt love. When yet he was tender-body'd, and the only ſon of my womb; w youth with comelineſs pluck'd all gaze his way; wl for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother ſhould not him an hour from her beholding; I,—conſidering l honour would become ſuch a perſon; that it was no ter than picture-like to hang by the wall, if ren made it not ſtir,—was pleaſed to let him ſeek dar where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound v oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I ſprang not more in at firſt hearing he was a man-child, than now in ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

Vir. But had he died in the buſineſs, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely:—Had I a dozen ſons,—each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of action.

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to viſit you.

Vir. 'Beſeech you, give me leave to retire myſelf.

Vol. Indeed, you ſhall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your huſband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces ſhunning him:
Methinks, I ſee him ſtamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harveſt-man, that's taſk'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breaſts of Hecuba,
When ſhe did ſuckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At Grecian ſwords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* GENT.

Vir. Heavens bleſs my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter GENTLEWOMAN, *with* VALERIA *and her Uſher.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to ſee your ladyſhip.

Val. How do you both? you are manifeſt houſekeepers. What, are you ſewing here? A fine ſpot, in good faith.—How does your little ſon?

Vir. I thank your ladyſhip; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum, than look upon his ſchool-maſter.

Val. O' my word, the father's ſon: I'll ſwear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wedneſday half an hour together: he has ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery; I muſt have you play the idle huſwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threſhold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they ſay

ıll the yarn, ſhe ſpun in Ulyſſes' abſence, did but fill ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick vere ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your huſband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earneſt, it's true; I heard a ſenator ſpeak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; againſt whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are ſet down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, ſhe would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good ſweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy ſolemneſs out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers, and Soldiers. To them a* MESSENGER.

Mar. Yonder comes news :—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you. [I will,

Lart. No, I'll nor ſell, nor give him: lend you him,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie theſe armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then ſhall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blaſt.
They ſound a parley. Enter, on the walls, ſome SENATORS, *and Others.*
Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Alarums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they ſhall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes;
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off;
[*Other Alarums.*
There is Aufidius: liſt, what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction.—Ladders, ho!

The VOLCES *enter and paſs over the Stage.*

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their city.

w put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
:h hearts more proof than ſhields.—Advance, brave
:y do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts, [Titus:
uic'h makes me ſweat with wrath.—Come, on my fel-
that retires, I'll take him for a Volce, [lows;
d he ſhall feel mine edge.

ırum, and exeunt Romans *and* Volces, *fighting. The* Ro-
nans *are beaten back to the trenches. Re-enter* MARCIUS.

MAR. All the contagion of the ſouth light on you,
u ſhames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
ıfter you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
rther than ſeen, and one infect another
ainſt the wind a mile? You ſouls of geeſe,
at bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
ɔm ſlaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
l hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
ith flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
ıd make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;
you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their wives,
s they us to our trenches follow'd.

nother Alarum. The Volces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volces *retire into* Corioli, *and* MARCIUS *follows them to the gates.*

o, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good ſeconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is ſhut in.*

1 *SOL.* Fool-hardineſs; not I.

2 *SOL.* Nor I.

3 *SOL.* See, they
Have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

ALL. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, ſir, doubtleſs.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the ſudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, ſenſible, outdares his ſenſeleſs ſword,
And, when it bows, ſtands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier
Even to Cato's wiſh: not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtrokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, aſſaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, ſir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V. Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain ROMANS, *with ſpoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for ſilver.

[*Alarum continues ſtill afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here theſe movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cuſhions, leaden ſpoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would

Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe ſlaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noiſe the general makes!—To him:—
There is the man of my ſoul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilſt I, with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy ſir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent for
A ſecond courſe of fight.

Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather phyſical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddeſs, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Miſguide thy oppoſers' ſwords! Bold gentleman,
Proſperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no leſs
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthieſt Marcius!— [*Exit Marcius.*
Go, ſound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they ſhall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius, and forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought; we are
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands, [come off
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, ſirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,

By interims, and conveying guſts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their ſucceſſes as we wiſh our own;
That both our powers, with ſmiling fronts encount'ring,

Enter a MESSENGER.

May give you thankful ſacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have iſſued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I ſaw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Methinks, thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news ſo late?

Mes. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; elſe had I, ſir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the ſtamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time ſeen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the ſound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you

n arms as ſound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man buſied about decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile;
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.

Com. Where is that ſlave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?

Com. Marcius,
We have at diſadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpoſe.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?

Com. As I gueſs, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beſeech you,

By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have ſhed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me againſt Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the preſent; but,
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your aſking; take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can aid your action.

Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing:—If any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſſer his perſon than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himſelf;
Let him, alone, or ſo many, ſo minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand.*] to expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all ſhout, and wave their ſwords; take him in their arms, and caſt up their caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a ſword of me?
If theſe ſhows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great Aufidius
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, muſt I ſelect: the reſt
Shall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight,
As cauſe will be obey'd. Pleaſe you to march;
And four ſhall quickly draw out my command,

Vhich men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on, my fellows:
ſake good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
)ivide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. The Gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having ſet a guard upon Corioli, *going with a drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Caius Marcius, *enters with a Lieutenant, a party of ſoldiers, and a ſcout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, deſpatch
Thoſe centuries to our aid; the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding: If we loſe the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, ſir.
Lart. Hence, and ſhut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. A field of battle between the Roman *and* Volcian *Camps.*

Alarum. Enter Marcius and Aufidius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worſe than a promiſe-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a ſerpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within theſe three hours, Tullus,

Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maſk'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the higheſt.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain* Volces *come to the aid of* Aufidius.

Officious, and not valiant—you have ſham'd me
In your condemned ſeconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* Marcius.

SCENE IX. *The* Roman *Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Flouriſh. Enter at one ſide, Cominius, *and* Romans; *at the other ſide,* Marcius, *with his arm in a ſcarf, and other* Romans.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where ſenators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles;
Where great patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I'the end, admire; where ladies ſhall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fuſty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall ſay, againſt their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath ſuch a ſoldier!—
Yet cam'ſt thou to a morſel of this feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titius Lartius, *with his power, from the purſuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the ſteed, we the capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,

Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You ſhall not be
The grave of your deſerving; Rome muſt know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worſe than a theft, no leſs than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to ſilence that,
Which, to the ſpire and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: Therefore, I beſeech you,
(In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death. Of all the horſes,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore,) of all
The treaſure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A bribe, to pay my ſword: I do refuſe it;
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flouriſh. They all cry,* Marcius! Marcius! *caſt up their caps and lances:* Cominius *and* Lartius, *ſtand bare.*

Mar. May theſe ſame inſtruments, which you profan
Never ſound more! When drums and trumpets ſhall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing! When ſteel grows
Soft as the paraſite's ſilk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I ſay;
For that I have not waſh'd my noſe that bled,
Or foil'd ſome debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many elſe have done,—you ſhout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes ſauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modeſt are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt yourſelf you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you.—Therefore, be it known
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble ſteed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applauſe and clamour of the hoſt,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and drums*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go waſh;
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to ſtride your ſteed; and, at all times,
To undercreſt your good addition,

To the fairneſs of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſs.—You, Titus Lartius,
Muſt to Corioli back: ſend us to Rome
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I ſhall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd moſt princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I ſometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's houſe; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I ſaw him priſoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor hoſt freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your viſage dries: 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. The Camp of the Volces.

A flouriſh. Coronets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with two or three ſoldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?—
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me;
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal force,
(True ſword to ſword,) I'll potch at him ſome way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: My valour's poiſon'd,
With only ſuffering ſtain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itſelf: nor ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Againſt the hoſpitable canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that muſt
Be hoſtages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypreſs grove:
I pray you,
('Tis ſouth the city mills,) bring me word thither

w the world goes; that to the pace of it
ay ſpur on my journey.
Sol. I ſhall, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

IEN. The augurer tells me, we ſhall have news to-night.
RU. Good, or bad?
IEN. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
love not Marcius.
IC. Nature teaches beaſts to know their friends.
IEN. Pray you, who does the wolf love?
IC. The lamb.
IEN. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians
ld the noble Marcius.
RU. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.
IEN. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You
are old men; tell me one thing that I ſhall aſk you.
OTH TRIB. Well, ſir.
IEN. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two
: not in abundance?
RU. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.
IC. Eſpecially, in pride.
RU. And topping all others in boaſting.
IEN. This is ſtrange now: Do you two know how you
cenſured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-
d file? Do you?
OTH TRIB. Why, how are we cenſured?
IEN. Becauſe you talk of pride now,—Will you not
angry?
BOTH TRIB. Well, well, ſir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your diſpoſition the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures; at the leaſt, if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, ſir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, ſir?

Men. Why, then you ſhould diſcover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; ſaid to be ſomething imperfect, in favouring the firſt complaint; haſty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and ſpend my malice in my breath: Meeting two ſuch weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguſes) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adverſely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot ſay, your worſhips have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of your ſyllables: and though I muſt be content to bear with thoſe that ſay you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you ſee this in the map of my microcoſm, follows it, that I am known

well enough too? What harm can your biſſon conſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, ſir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourſelves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange-wife and foſſet-ſeller; and then rejourn the controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come you are well underſtood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are. When you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a grave, as to ſtuff a botchers cuſhion, or to be entomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince Deucalion; though, peradventure, ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worſhips; more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the herdſmen of the beaſtly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*Brutus and Sicinius retire.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *&c.*
How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were ſhe earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes ſo faſt?

VOL. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

MEN. Ha! Marcius coming home?

VOL. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with moſt proſperous approbation.

MEN. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

TWO LADIES. Nay, 'tis true.

VOL. Look, here's a letter from him; the ſtate hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

MEN. I will make my very houſe reel to night:—A letter for me?

VIR. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I ſaw it.

MEN. A letter for me? It gives me an eſtate of ſeven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the phyſician: the moſt ſovereign preſcription in Galen is but empiricutick, and, to this preſervative, of no better report than a horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

VIR. O, no, no, no.

VOL. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

MEN. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

VOL. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MEN. Has he diſciplined Aufidius ſoundly?

VOL. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had ſtaid by him, I would not have been ſo idius'd for all the cheſts in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the ſenate poſſeſs'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the ſenate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my ſon the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be ſworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God ſave your good worſhips! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cauſe to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the ſhoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to ſhow the people, when he ſhall ſtand for his place. He received in the repulſe of Tarquin, ſeven hurts 'i the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this laſt expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-ſeven: every gaſh was an enemy's grave: [*A ſhout, and flouriſh.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. Theſe are the uſhers of Marcius: before him
He carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark ſpirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound. Enter Cominius *and* Titus Lartius; *between them,* Coriolanus, *crown'd with*

an oaken garland; with captains and ſoldiers, and a HERALD.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; theſe
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flouriſh.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, ſir, your mother,—

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my proſperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good ſoldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, muſt I call thee?
But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious ſilence, hail!
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet!—O my ſweet lady, pardon.
[*To* VALERIA.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy! Welcome:
A curſe begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee!—You are three,

That Rome ſhould dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours; [*To his wife and mother.*
Ere in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good patricians muſt be viſited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd
To ſee inherited my very wiſhes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will caſt upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flouriſh. Cornets. Exeunt in ſtate, as before. The Tribunes come forward.*

Bru. All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him: Your pratling nurſe
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown flamens

Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damaſk, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton ſpoil
Of Phœbus' burning kiſſes: ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever god, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.

Sic. On the ſudden,
I warrant him conſul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go ſleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately tranſport his honours
From where he ſhould begin, and end; but will
Loſe thoſe that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we ſtand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for conſul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napleſs veſture of humility;
Nor, ſhowing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their ſtinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit o' the gentry to him,
And the deſire of the nobles.

Sic. I wiſh no better,
Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it

In execution.

Bru. 'Tis moſt like, he will.

Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills;
A ſure deſtruction.

Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul, nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.

Sic. This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall teach the people, (which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as eaſy,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are ſent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius ſhall be conſul: I have ſeen
The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind
To hear him ſpeak: The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he paſs'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's ſtatue; and the commons made
A ſhower, and thunder, with their caps, and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. The Capitol.

Enter two OFFICERS, *to lay cuſhions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: How many ſtand for conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: ſo that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition; and, out of his noble careleſſneſs, let's them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their oppoſite. Now, to ſeem to affect the malice and diſpleaſure of the people, is as bad as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

1 *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his country: And his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſy degrees as thoſe, who, having been ſupple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,

without any further deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation and report: but he hath ſo planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwiſe, were a malice, that, giving itſelf the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS *the Conſul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other Senators,* SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs alſo by themſelves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To ſend for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble ſervice, that
Hath thus ſtood for his country: Therefore, pleaſe you,
Moſt reverend and grave elders, to deſire
The preſent conſul, and laſt general
In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himſelf.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our ſtate's defective for requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out. Maſters o' the people,
We do requeſt your kindeſt ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what paſſes here.

Sic. We are convented

Upon a pleaſing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our aſſembly.
Bru. Which the rather
We ſhall be bleſs'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been ſilent: Pleaſe you
To hear Cominius ſpeak?
Bru. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you gave it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, ſpeak.—Nay, keep your place.
[*Coriolanus riſes, and offers to go a*
1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words diſ-bench'd you not.
Cor. No, ſir: yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your peo
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, ſit down.
Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i' the
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my nothings monſter'd. [*Exit Coriola*
Men. Maſters o' the people,

Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter,
(That's thouſand to one good one,) when you now ſee,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of cannot in the world
Be ſingly counterpois'd. At ſixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſs'd Roman, and i' the conſul's view
Slew three oppoſers: Tarquin's ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,
He prov'd beſt man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a ſea;
And, in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince,
He lurch'd all ſwords o' the garland. For this laſt,
Before and in Corioli, let me ſay,
I cannot ſpeak him home: He ſtopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into ſport: as waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtem: his ſword (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd

The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny; aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-enforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe: then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Re-quicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours
Which we deviſe him.

Com. Our ſpoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets leſs
Than miſery itſelf would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1 *Sen.* Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The ſenate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee conſul.

Cor. I do owe them ſtill
My life, and ſervices.

Men. It then remains,
That you do ſpeak to the people.

Cor. I do beſeech you,

Let me o'er-leap that cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' ſake, to give their ſuffrage: pleaſe you,
That I may paſs this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Muſt have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the cuſtom; and
Take to you, as your predeceſſors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaking ſcars which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not ſtand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpoſe to them;—and to our noble conſul
Wiſh we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flouriſh. Then Exeunt* Senators.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. The Forum.
Enter ſeveral CITIZENS.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, ſir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourſelves to do it, bu
a power that we have no power to do: for if he ſh
his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put
tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them;
he tell us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous: an
the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a mo
of the multitude; of the which, we being mem
ſhould bring ourſelves to be monſtrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a
help will ſerve: for once, when we ſtood up abou
corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us—the many-h
multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many; not tha
heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn,
bald, but that our wits are ſo diverſly colour'd: and
I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſkull,
would fly eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; and their conſe
one direct way ſhould be at once to all the points
compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? Which way, do you judg
wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as an
man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a block-head
if it were at liberty, 'twould, ſure, ſouthward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe itſelf in a fog; where being three

melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks :—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I ſay, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars; wherein every one of us has a ſingle honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O ſir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthieſt men have done't?

Cor. What muſt I ſay?—
I pray, ſir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace:—Look, ſir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's ſervice, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noiſe of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You muſt not ſpeak of that; you muſt deſire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines loſe by them.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, ſpeak to them, I pray you,

In wholeſome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two CITIZENS.

Cor. Bid them waſh their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cauſe, ſir, of my ſtanding here.

1 *Cit.* We do, ſir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your own deſert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own deſire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own deſire?

Cor. No, ſir:
'Twas never my deſire yet, to trouble
The poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You muſt think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the conſulſhip?

1 *Cit.* The price is, ſir, to aſk it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhow you,
Which ſhall be yours in private.—Your good voice, ſir;
What ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall have it, worthy ſir.

Cor. A match, ſir:—
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt two* CITIZENS.

Enter two other CITIZENS.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may be conſul, I have here the cuſtomary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deſerved nobly of your country, and you have not deſerved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a ſcourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You ſhould account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, ſir, flatter my ſworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and ſince the wiſdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly; that is, ſir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountifully to the deſirers. Therefore, beſeech you, I may be conſul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not ſeal your knowledge with ſhowing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, ſir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Moſt ſweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this wolviſh gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needleſs vouches: Cuſtom calls me to't:—
What cuſtom wills, in all things ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lie unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other CITIZENS.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice ſix
I have ſeen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more: your voic
Indeed, I would be conſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without a honeſt man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be conſul: The gods g him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.——
God ſave thee, noble conſul! [*Exeunt Citize*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS

Men. You have ſtood your limitation; and the tribu
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the ſenate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The cuſtom of requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the ſenate-houſe?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change theſe garments?

Sic. You may, ſir.

Cor. That I'll ſtraight do; and, knowing myſelf ag

Repair to the ſenate-houſe.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Coriol. and Menen.*

He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you diſmiſs the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my maſters? have you choſe this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, ſir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deſerve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, ſir: To my poor unworthy notice
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'Tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave yourſelf, but ſays,
He us'd us ſcornfully: He ſhould have ſhow'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, ſo he did, I am ſure.

Cit. No; no man ſaw 'em. [*Several ſpeak.*

3 *Cit.* He ſaid, he had wounds, which he could ſhow
And with his hat, thus waving it in ſcorn, [in private;
I would be conſul, ſays he: *aged cuſtom,*
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*
Your moſt ſweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or, ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty ſervant to the ſtate,
He was your enemy; ever ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and ſway o'the ſtate,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curſes to yourſelves? You ſhould have ſaid,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature,
Which eaſily endures not article
Tying him to aught; ſo, putting him to rage,
You ſhould have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſolicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why, had your bodi
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Againſt the rectorſhip of judgement?

Sic. Have you,

Ere now, deny'd the aſker? and, now again,
On him, that did not aſk, but mock, beſtow
Your ſu'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound. ['em.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly; and tell thoſe friends,—
They have choſe a conſul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

Sic. Let them aſſemble;
And, on a ſafer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: beſides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you muſt
Caſt your election on him.

Sic. Say, you choſe him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather muſt do
Than what you ſhould, made you againſt the grain
To voice him conſul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, ſpare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,

How youngly he began to ſerve his country,
How long continued: and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The noble houſe o'the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's ſon,
Who, after great Hoſtilius, here was king:
Of the ſame houſe Publius and Quintus were,
That our beſt water brought by conduits hither;
And Cenſorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd ſo, being cenſor twice,
Was his great anceſtor.

Sic. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your ſudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that ſtill,) but by our putting on:
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will ſo: almoſt all [*ſeveral ſpeak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* CITIZENS.

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay, paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The 'vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the ſtream o' the people;
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt*

Tullus Auhdius then had made new head?
r. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
ifter compoſition.
So then the Volces ſtand but as at firſt;
when time ſhall prompt them, to make road
again.
They are worn, lord conſul, ſo,
e ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
anners wave again.
Saw you Aufidius?
r. On ſafe-guard he came to me; and did curſe
t the Volces, for they had ſo vilely
l the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Spoke he of me?
r. He did, my lord.
How? what?
r. How often he had met you, ſword to ſword:
f all things upon the earth, he hated
erſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes
eleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
'd your vanquiſher.

Behold! theſe are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do deſpiſe them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Againſt all noble ſufferance.

Sic. Paſs no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paſs'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices? [place.

1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to the market-

Bru. The people are incens'd againſt him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are theſe your herd?—
Muſt theſe have voices, that can yield them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule ye not their teeth?
Have not ye ſet them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to nobleneſs,

Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them ſince?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then ſhould I be conſul? By yon clouds,
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You ſhow too much of that,
For which the people ſtir: If you will paſs
To where you are bound, you muſt inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit;
Or never be ſo noble as a conſul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonour'd rub, laid falſely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my ſpeech, and I will ſpeak't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, ſir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-ſcented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themſelves: I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our ſenate
The cockle of rebellion, inſolence, ſedition,
Which we ourſelves have plough'd for, ſow'd and ſcatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1 *Sen.* No more words, we beſeech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, ſo ſhall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, againſt thoſe meazels,
Which we diſdain ſhould tetter us, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeak o' the people,
As if you were a god to puniſh, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That ſhall remain a poiſon where it is,
Not poiſon any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His abſolute *ſhall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall!
O good, but moſt unwiſe patricians, why,
You grave, but reckleſs ſenators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to chooſe an officer,
That with his peremptory *ſhall*, being but
The horn and noiſe o' the monſters, wants not ſpirit

'o ſay, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
ınd make your channel his? If he have power,
'hen vail your ignorance: if none, awake
'our dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Ie not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cuſhions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be ſenators: and they are no leſs,
When, both your voices blended, the greateſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They chooſe their magiſtrate;
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his *ſhall*,
His popular *ſhall*, againſt a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himſelf,
It makes the conſuls baſe: and my ſoul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupreme, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by t'other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counſel, to give forth
The corn o'the ſtorehouſe gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that. [power,)

Cor. (Though there the people had more abſolute
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the ſtate.

Bru. Why, ſhall the people give
One, that ſpeaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reaſons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompenſe; reſting well aſſur'd
They ne'er did ſervice for't: Being preſs'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the ſtate was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ſervice

Did not deſerve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhow'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them: The accuſation
Which they have often made againſt the ſenate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the native
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this boſom multiplied digeſt
The ſenate's courteſy? Let deeds expreſs
What's like to be their words:—*We did requeſt it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debaſe
The nature of our ſeats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the ſenate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-meaſure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worſhip,—
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it muſt omit
Real neceſſities, and give way the while
To unſtable ſlightneſs: purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpoſe: Therefore, beſeech you,—
You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet;
That love the fundamental part of ſtate,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wiſh
To jump a body with a dangerous phyſick
That's ſure of death without it,—at once pluck out

e multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
e ſweet which is their poiſon: your diſhonour
ngles true judgement, and bereaves the ſtate
that integrity which ſhould become it;
t having the power to do the good it would,
r the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has ſaid enough.

Sic. He has ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! deſpite o'erwhelm thee!—
hat ſhould the people do with theſe bald tribunes?
ı whom depending, their obedience fails
› the greater bench: In a rebellion,
hen what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
ıen were they choſen; in a better hour,
:t what is meet, be ſaid, it muſt be meet,
nd throw their power i'the duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt treaſon.

Sic. This a conſul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Brutus.*] in whoſe name, myſelf
ıttach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
ı foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
ınd follow to thine anſwer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll ſurety him.

Com. Aged ſir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter Brutus, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.
Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several ſp*
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all buſtle about* Coriolan
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace; ſtay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near; I cannot ſpeak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace. [ſpe
Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, ſpe
Sic. You are at point to loſe your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for conſul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd
The people's magiſtrates.
Cit. You ſo remain.
Men. And ſo are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deſerves death.

Bru. Or let us ſtand to our authority,
Or let us loſe it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of preſent death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him.

Bru. Ædiles, ſeize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beſeech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.

Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poiſonous
Where the diſeaſe is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [*Drawing his ſword.*
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourſelves what you have ſeen me.

Men. Down with that ſword;—Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the people, are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your houſe; be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Cor. Stand faſt;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy houſe;
Leave us to cure this cauſe.
Men. For 'tis a ſore upon us,
You cannot tent yourſelf: Begone, 'beſeech you.
Com. Come, ſir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are n
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—
Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myſelf [bun
Take up a brace of the beſt of them; yea, the two t
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick:
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whoſe rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, *and Othe*
1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
e would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
· Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
hat his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
nd, being angry, does forget that ever
e heard the name of death. [*A noiſe within.*
ere's goodly work!
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed! [geance,
Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the ven-
ould he not ſpeak them fair?

Re-enter Brutus *and* Sicinius, *with the rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
hat would depopulate the city, and
e every man himſelf?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He ſhall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
Vith rigorous hands; he hath reſiſted law,
nd therefore law ſhall ſcorn him further trial
han the ſeverity of the public power,
Vhich he ſo ſets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know,
he noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
nd we their hands.
Cit. He ſhall, ſure on't. [*Several ſpeak together.*
Men. Sir,—
Sic. Peace.
Men. Do not cry, havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you
Have holp to make this reſcue?
Men. Here me ſpeak:—
As I do know the conſul's worthineſs,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Conſul!—what conſul?
Men. The conſul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a conſul!
Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good peo
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to deſpatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whoſe gratitude
Towards her deſerved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a diſeaſe, that muſt be cut away.
Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, eaſy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath loſt,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to loſe it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and ſuffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country
It honour'd him.
Men. The ſervice of the foot

eing once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
or what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
urſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence;
eſt his infection, being of catching nature,
pread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unſcann'd ſwiftneſs, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by proceſs;
Leſt parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were ſo,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?
Our Ædiles ſmote? ourſelves reſiſted?—Come:—

Men. Conſider this;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill ſchool'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmoſt peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Maſters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home. [there:

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed

In our firſt way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:— [come,

Let me deſire your company. [*to the* Senators.] He muſt

Or what is worſt will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in Coriolanus's *Houſe.*

Enter Coriolanus, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; preſent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muſe, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vaſſals, things created
To buy and ſell with groats; to ſhow bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of peace, or war. I talk of you. [*To* Volumnia.
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you have me
Falſe to my nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, ſir, ſir, ſir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo: Leſſer had been
The thwartings of your diſpoſitions, if

You had not ſhow'd them how you were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſs you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS *and* SENATORS.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, ſomething too rough;
You muſt return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good city
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray, be counſel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my uſe of anger,
To better 'vantage,

Men. Well ſaid, noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as phyſick
For the whole ſtate, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.

Cor. What muſt I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,
What then? What then?

Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Muſt I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too abſolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities ſpeak. I have heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other loſe,

That they combine not there.

Cor. Tuſh, tuſh!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, (which, for your beſt ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it leſs, or worſe,
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace
With honour, as in war; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Becauſe that now it lies you on to ſpeak
To the people; not by your own inſtruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with ſuch words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but baſtards, and ſyllables
Of no allowance, to your boſom's truth.
Now, this no more diſhonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——
I would diſſemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at ſtake, requir'd,
I ſhould do ſo in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your ſon, theſe ſenators, the nobles;
And you will rather ſhow our general lowts
How you can frown, than ſpend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; ſpeak fair: you may ſalve ſo,
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my ſon,

o to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
nd thus far having ſtretch'd it, (here be with them,)
hy knee buſſing the ſtones, (for in ſuch buſineſs
ction is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
lore learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Vhich often, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart,
low humble, as the ripeſt mulberry,
hat will not hold the handling: Or, ſay to them,
hou art their ſoldier, and being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which, thou doſt confeſs,
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In aſking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf, forſooth, hereafter theirs, ſo far
As thou haſt power, and perſon.

Men. This but done,
Even as ſhe ſpeaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being aſk'd, as free
As words to little purpoſe.

Vol. Pry'thee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'ſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i'the market-place: and, ſir, 'tis fit
You make ſtrong party, or defend yourſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair ſpeech.

Com. I think, 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.

Vol. He muſt, and will:
Pr'ythee, now, ſay, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Muſt I go ſhow them my unbarb'd ſconce? Muſt I
With my baſe tongue give to my noble heart

A lie, that it muſt bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this ſingle plot to loſe,
This mould of Marcius, they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw it againſt the wind.—To the market-place:-
You have put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, ſweet ſon; as thou haſt ſaid,
My praiſes made thee firſt a ſoldier, ſo,
To have my praiſe for this, perform a part
Thou haſt not done before.

Cor. Well, I muſt do't:
Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls aſleep! The ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and ſchoolboys' tears take up
The glaſſes of my ſight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous ſtoutneſs; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou liſt.
Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'dſt it from me;
But owe thy pride thyſelf.

COR. Pray, be content;
ther, I am going to the market-place;
ide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
g their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
mmend me to my wife. I'll return conſul;
never truſt to what my tongue can do
the way of flattery, further.
VOL. Do your will. [*Exit.*
COM. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourſelf
o anſwer mildly; for they are prepar'd
ith accuſations, as I hear, more ſtrong
han are upon you yet.
COR. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
et them accuſe me by invention, I
ill anſwer in mine honour.
MEN. Ay, but mildly.
COR. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

BRU. In this point charge him home, that he affects
yrannical power: If he evade us there,
nforce him with his envy to the people;
nd that the ſpoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er diſtributed.—

Enter an ÆDILE.

What, will he come?
ÆD. He's coming.
BRU. How accompanied?
ÆD. With old Menenius, and thoſe ſenators
That always favour'd him.
SIC. Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.— [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Senators, and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods

Keep Rome in ſafety, and the chairs of juſtice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the ſhows of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war!

1 SEN. Amen, amen!

MEN. A noble wiſh.

Re-enter ÆDILE, with CITIZENS.

SIC. Draw near, ye people.

ÆD. Liſt to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I ſay.

COR. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.

BOTH TRI. Well, ſay.—Peace, ho.

COR. Shall I be charg'd no further than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?

SIC. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?

COR. I am content.

MEN. Lo, citizens, he ſays, he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which ſhow
Like graves i'the holy churchyard.

COR. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

MEN. Conſider further,
That when he ſpeaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a ſoldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious ſounds,
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a ſoldier,
Rather than envy you.

COM. Well, well, no more.

COR. What is the matter,

That being paſs'd for conſul with full voice,
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Anſwer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all ſeaſon'd office, and to wind
Yourſelf into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promiſe.

Cor. The fires i' the loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes ſat twenty thouſand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would ſay,
Thou lieſt, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your officers, curſing yourſelves,
Oppoſing laws with ſtrokes, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him; even this,
So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,
Deſerves the extremeſt death.

Bru. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of ſervice?

Bru I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this
The promiſe that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the ſteep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, Good morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people, ſeeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at laſt
Given hoſtile ſtrokes, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the miniſters
That do diſtribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this inſtant, baniſh him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I ſay, it ſhall be ſo.
Cit. It ſhall be ſo,
It ſhall be ſo; let him away: he's baniſh'd,
And ſo it ſhall be.
Com. Hear me, my maſters, and my common friends;—
Sic. He's ſentenc'd: no more hearing.
Com. Let me ſpeak:
I have been conſul, and can ſhow from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a reſpect more tender,

More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate, her womb's increaſe,
And treaſure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It ſhall be ſo.

Cit. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whoſe breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whoſe loves I prize
As the dead carcaſſes of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I baniſh you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair! Have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reſervation of yourſelves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as moſt
Abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows! Deſpiſing,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elſewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, *Senators, and* PATRICIANS.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's baniſh'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people ſhout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, ſee him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all deſpite;
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us ſee him out at gates; come:—
The gods preſerve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The ſame. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and ſeveral young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beaſt
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd maſterſhip in floating: fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in Rome,
And occupations periſh!

Cor. What, what, what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your huſband ſo much ſweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,

And venomous to thine eyes.—My ſometime general
I have ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning ſpectacles; tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen,) your ſon
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My firſt ſon,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſture to each chance
That ſtarts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee: ſo, if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man;
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the abſence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou haſt years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my ſweet wife, my deareſt mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and ſmile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill; and never of me aught

But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Street near the Gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, *and an Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we ſee, have ſided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have ſhown our power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.

Bru. Diſmiſs them home. [*Exit* Ædile]

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They ſay, ſhe's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way. [gods

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not ſo loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear,—

Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome.—Will you be gone?
[*to* BRUTUS.

VIR. You ſhall ſtay too: [*to* SICIN.] I would, I had the
To ſay ſo to my huſband. [power

SIC. Are you mankind?

VOL. Ay, fool; Is that a ſhame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadſt thou foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for Rome,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words?

SIC. O bleſſed heavens!

VOL. More noble blows, than ever thou wiſe words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too:—I would my ſon
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good ſword in his hand.

SIC. What then?

VIR. What then?
He'd make an end of thy poſterity.

VOL. Baſtards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

MEN. Come, come, peace.

SIC. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.

BRU. I would he had.

VOL. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe myſteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

BRU. Pray, let us go.

VOL. Now, pray, ſir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo far, my ſon,
This lady's huſband here, this, do you ſee,)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why ſtay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing elſe to do, [*Exeunt* Tribunes.
But to confirm my curſes! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cauſe. You'll ſup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I ſup upon myſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Highway between Rome *and* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, ſir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.
Vol. It is ſo, ſir: truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman; and my ſervices are, as you are, againſt them: Know you me yet?
Vol. Nicanor? No.
Rom. The ſame, ſir.
Vol. You had more beard, when I laſt ſaw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian ſtate, to find you out there: You have well ſaved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome ſtrange inſurrection: the people againſt the ſenators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our ſtate thinks not ſo; they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive ſo to heart the baniſhment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptneſs, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, ſir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, The fitteſt time to corrupt a man's wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her huſband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in theſe wars, his great oppoſer Coriolanus being now in no requeſt of his country.

Vol. He cannot chooſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall, between this and ſupper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adverſaries. Have you an army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt royal one: the centurions, and their charges, diſtinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, ſir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, ſir; I have the moſt
auſe to be glad of yours.
Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Antium. *Before* Aufidius's *Houſe.*
Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean apparel, diſguiſed, and muffled.*
Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of theſe fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Leſt that thy wives with ſpits, and boys with ſtones,
Enter a CITIZEN.
In puny battle ſlay me.—Save you, ſir.
Cit. And you.
Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?
Cit. He is, and feaſts the nobles of the ſtate,
At his houſe this night.
Cor. Which is his houſe, 'beſeech you?
Cit. This, here, before you.
Cor. Thank you, ſir; farewell. [*Exit* CITIZEN.
O, world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal, and exerciſe,
Are ſtill together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſenſion of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity: So, felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my loves upon

This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he ſlay me,
He does fair juſtice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country ſervice. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. The ſame. A Hall in Aufidius's *Houſe.*

Muſick within. Enter a SERVANT.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What ſervice is here! I think our fellows are aſleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another SERVANT.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my maſter calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly houſe: The feaſt ſmells well: but I Appear not like a gueſt.

Re-enter the firſt SERVANT.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter ſecond SERVANT.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, ſir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troubleſome.

2 *Serv.* Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third SERVANT. *The firſt meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him o'the houſe: Pr'ythee, call my maſter to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, ſo I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go.
And batten on cold bits. [*Puſhes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my maſter what a ſtrange gueſt he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I ſhall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an aſs it is!—Then thou dwell'ſt with daws too?

Cor. No, I ſerve not thy maſter.

3 *Serv.* How, ſir! Do you meddle with my maſter?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honeſter ſervice, than to meddle with thy miſtreſs:
Thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt; ſerve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and the ſecond* SERVANT.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, ſir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for diſturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comeſt thou? what wouldeſt thou? Thy name?
Why ſpeak'ſt not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not
Think me for the man I am, neceſſity
Commands me name myſelf.
Auf. What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*
Cor. A name unmuſical to the Volcians' ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.
Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou ſhow'ſt a noble veſſel: What's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'ſt thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My ſurname, Coriolanus: The painful ſervice,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankleſs country, are requited
But with that ſurname; a good memory,
And witneſs of the malice and diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhould'ſt bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;
And ſuffer'd me by the voice of ſlaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Miſtake me not, to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere ſpite,
To be full quit of thoſe my baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou haſt

A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy country, ſpeed thee ſtraight
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn; ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Againſt my canker'd country with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if ſo be
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhow thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaſt,
And cannot live but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou haſt ſpoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud ſpeak divine things, and ſay,
'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my ſword; and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,

Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe mine arm for't: Thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyſelf and me;
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckl'ng helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel elſe to Rome, but that
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly ſenators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your territories,
Though not for Rome itſelf.

Cor. You bleſs me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute ſir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commiſſion; and ſet down,—
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy country's ſtrength and weakneſs,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock againſt the gates of Rome,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe, that ſhall
Say, *yea*, to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Moſt welcome! [*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 SERV. [*advancing.*] Here's a ſtrange alteration!

2 SERV. By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a falſe report of him.

1 SERV. What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2 SERV. Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him: He had, ſir, a kind of face, methought, —I cannot tell how to term it.

1 SERV. He had ſo; looking, as it were,——'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 SERV. So did I, I'll be ſworn: He is ſimply the rareſt man i' the world.

1 SERV. I think, he is: but a greater ſoldier than he, you wot one.

2 SERV. Who? my maſter?

1 SERV. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 SERV. Worth ſix of him.

1 SERV. Nay, not ſo neither; but I take him to be the greater ſoldier.

2 SERV. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 SERV. Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Re-enter third SERVANT.

3 SERV. O, ſlaves, I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

1 2 SERV. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 SERV. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1 2 SERV. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 SERV. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you ſay, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not ſay, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the truth on't: before Corioli, he ſcotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is ſo made on here within, as if he were ſon and heir to Mars: ſet at upper end o' the table: no queſtion aſk'd him by any of the ſenators, but they ſtand bald before him: Our general himſelf makes a miſtreſs of him; ſanctifies himſelf with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, ſir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, ſir, (as it were,) durſt not (look you, ſir,) ſhow themſelves (as we term it,) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they ſhall ſee, ſir, his creſt up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 SERV. But when goes this forward?

3 SERV. To-morrow; to-day; preſently. You ſhall ſee the drum ſtruck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 SERV. Why, then we ſhall have a ſtirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to ruſt iron, increaſe tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 SERV. Let me have war, ſay I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's ſpritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible; a getter of more baſtard children, than wars a deſtroyer of men.

2 SERV. 'Tis ſo: and as wars, in ſome ſort, may be ſaid to be a raviſher; ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 SERV. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 SERV. Reaſon; becauſe they then leſs need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to ſee Romans as cheap as Volcians.—They are riſing, they are riſing.

ALL. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Rome. *A Publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

SIC. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the preſent peace
And quietneſs o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, behold
Diſſentious numbers peſtering ſtreets, than ſee
Our tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown moſt kind
Of late.—Hail, ſir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, ſir, is not much miſs'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth ſtand;
And ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four CITIZENS.

Cit. The gods preſerve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wiſh'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* CITIZENS.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying, Confuſion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but inſolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one ſole throne,
Without aſſiſtance.

Men. I think not ſo.

Sic. We ſhould by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth conſul, found it ſo.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports,—the Volces with two ſeveral powers,
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepeſt malice of the war
Deſtroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inſhell'd, when Marcius ſtood for Rome,
And durſt not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go ſee this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow,
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this;
Leſt you ſhall chance to whip your information,
And beat the meſſenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earneſtneſs, are going
All to the ſenate houſe: ſome news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this ſlave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raiſing!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy ſir,
The ſlave's report is ſeconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainſt Rome;
And vows revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.

Sic. This is moſt likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violenteſt contrariety.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mes. You are ſent for to the ſenate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Aſſociated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, a

o melt the city leads upon your pates ;
o ſee your wives diſhonour'd to your noſes ;—
Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
our franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
ıto an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news ?—
ou have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray, your news?
Marcius ſhould be join'd with Volcians,—
Com. If !
e is their god ; he leads them like a thing
lade by ſome other deity than nature,
hat ſhapes man better : and they follow him,
gainſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
han boys purſuing ſummer butter-flies,
r butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
ou, and your apron-men ; you that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters !
Com. He will ſhake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did ſhake down mellow fruit : You have made fair work !
Bru. But is this true, ſir ?
Com. Ay ; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do ſmilingly revolt ; and, who reſiſt,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools. Who is't can blame him ?
Your enemies, and his, find ſomething in him.
Men. We are all undone, unleſs
he noble man have mercy.

Com. Who ſhall aſk it?
The tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: for his beſt friends, if they
Should ſay, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhow'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, *'Beſeech you, ceaſe.*—You have made fair hand
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beaſ
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your cluſters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Deſperation
Is all the policy, ſtrength, and defence,
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a troop of CITIZENS.

Men. Here come the cluſters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholeſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a ſoldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,

As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deſerv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I ſaid, baniſh him, I ſaid, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And ſo did I.

3 *Cit.* And ſo did I; and, to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us: That we did, we did for the beſt: and though we willingly conſented to his baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what elſe? [*Exeunt Com. and Men.*

Sic. Go, maſters, get you home, be not diſmay'd;
Theſe are a ſide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhow no ſign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, maſters, let's home. I ever ſaid, we were i'the wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. A Camp; at a ſmall diſtance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they ſtill fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; bu
Your ſoldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, ſir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unleſs, by uſing means, I lame the foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudlier
Even to my perſon, than I thought he would,
When firſt I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wiſh, ſir,
(I mean for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commiſſion with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourſelf, or elſe
To him had left it ſolely.

Auf. I underſtand thee well; and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him. Although it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhows good huſbandry for the Volcian ſtate;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword: yet he hath left undone
That, which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'll carry Rom

Auf. All places yield to him ere he ſits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The ſenators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people

Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the oſprey to the fiſh, who takes it
By ſovereignty of nature. Firſt he was
A noble ſervant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the caſque to the cuſhion, but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all, not all,
For I dare ſo far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths, do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath ſaid
Which was ſometime his general; who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius ſpeak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not ſeem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not anſwer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleleſs,
Till he had forg'd himſelf a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, ſo; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leſs expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a ſtate
To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he ſay leſs?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His anſwer to me was,
He could not ſtay to pick them in a pile
Of noiſome, muſty chaff: He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And ſtill to noſe the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of thoſe; his mother, wife,

His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the muſty chaff; and you are ſmelt
Above the moon: We muſt be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuſe your aid
In this ſo never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our diſtreſs. But, ſure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What ſhould I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and ſay that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a diſcontented friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs? Say't be ſo?

Sic. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from Rome, after the meaſure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,

And then I'll ſet upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does ſit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, *Riſe;* diſmiſs'd me
Thus, with his ſpeechleſs hand: What he would do,
He ſent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,
Unleſs his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to ſolicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. An advanced poſt of the Volcian *Camp before* Rome. *The* Guard *at their Stations.*

Enter to them, Menenius.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am an officer of ſtate, and come
To ſpeak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before 'ou'll ſpeak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
f you have heard your general talk of Rome,
nd of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
Ay name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it ſo; go back: the virtue of your name s not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verify'd my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground,
I have tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the leaſing: Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *G.* 'Faith, ſir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howſoever you have been his liar, (as you ſay, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, muſt ſay, you cannot paſs. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'ſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he does. Can

you, when you have puſh'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the eaſy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd dotant as you ſeem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would uſe me with eſtimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go, leſt I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmoſt of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll ſay an errand for you; you ſhall know now, that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall perceive, that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my ſon Coriolanus: gueſs, but by my entertainment with him, if thou ſtand'ſt not i' the ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering; behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father Menenius does! O, my ſon! my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to

thee: but being aſſured, none but myſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with ſighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods aſſuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my acceſs to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volcian breaſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger, than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy ſake, [*Gives a letter.*
And would have ſent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee ſpeak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'ſt—

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *G.* Now, ſir, is your name Menenius.

2 *G.* 'Tis a ſpell, you ſee, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are ſhent for keeping your greatneſs back?

2 *G.* What cauſe, do you think, I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, you are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worſt. For you, be that you are, long; and your miſery in-

creaſe with your age! I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and Others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our hoſt.—My partner in this action,
You muſt report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this buſineſs.

Auf. Only their ends
You have reſpected; ſtopp'd your ears againſt
The general ſuit of Rome; never admitted
A private whiſper, no, not with ſuch friends
That thought them ſure of you.

Cor. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old love, I have
(Though I ſhow'd ſourly to him,) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions, which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Freſh embaſſies, and ſuits,
Nor from the ſtate, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what ſhout is this? [*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* Marcius, VALERIA, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremoſt; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.—
What is that curt'ſy worth? or thoſe doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forſworn?—I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill ſhould
In ſupplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand,
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and huſband!

Cor. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.

Virg. The ſorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiſs
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiſs
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.—You gods! I prate,
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhow
Than that of common ſons.

Vol. O, ſtand up bleſs'd!
Whilſt, with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as miſtaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*kne*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the ſtars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun;
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble ſiſter of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaſte as the icicle,
That's curded by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May ſhow like all yourſelf.
Cor. The god of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleneſs; that thou may'ſt prov
To ſhame unvulnerable, and ſtick i' the wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myſelf,
Are ſuitors to you.
Cor. I beſeech you, peace:
Or, if you'd aſk, remember this before;

The things, I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you-denials. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: Deſire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have ſaid, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing elſe to aſk, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will aſk;
That, if you fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your requeſt?

Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment,
And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We have led ſince thy exile. Think with thyſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to ſee
The ſon, the huſband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's moſt capital: thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we muſt loſe
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find

An evident calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win: for either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our ſtreets; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, till
Theſe wars determine: if I cannot perſuade thee
Rather to ſhow a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one, thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Bor. He ſhall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to ſee.
I have ſat too long. [*riſing*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the Romans, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poiſonous of your honour: No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May ſay, *This mercy we have ſhow'd;* the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bleſs'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,

That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with curſes;
Whoſe chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out;
Deſtroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the enſuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected the fine ſtrains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy ſulphur with a bolt
That ſhould but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the ſtocks. Thou haſt never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courteſy;
When ſhe, (poor hen!) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: But, if it be not ſo,
Thou art not honeſt; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees.
To his ſurname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
This is the laſt;—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,

But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our petition with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our deſpatch:
I am huſh'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll ſpeak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!

[*holding Volumnia by the hands, ſil*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your ſon,—believe it, O, believe it,
Moſt dangerouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my ſtead, ſay, would you have heard
A mother leſs? or granted leſs, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be ſworn, you were:
And, ſir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But, good ſir,
What peace you'll make, adviſe me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cauſe.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou haſt ſet thy mercy and thy
honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myſelf a former fortune.

[*The ladies make ſigns to Coriol.*

COR. Ay, by and by; [*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*
But we will drink together; and you ſhall bear
A better witneſs back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deſerve
To have a temple built you: all the ſwords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *A publick Place.*
Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

MEN. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-ſtone?

SIC. Why, what of that?

MEN. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the ladies of Rome, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I ſay, there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenced, and ſtay upon execution,

SIC. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

MEN. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

SIC. He lov'd his mother dearly.

MEN. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horſe. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his ſtate, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids

be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothir of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what me cy his mother ſhall bring from him: There is no mo mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; th ſhall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the gods will not be good u to us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not then and, he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not u

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe: The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all ſwearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail' The Volces are diſlodg'd, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulſion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain, this is true? is it moſt certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the ſun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch ſo hurry'd the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark yo

[*Trumpets and hautboys ſounded, and drums beaten, together. Shooting alſo within.*

The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries, and fifes, Tabors, and cymbals, and the ſhouting Romans,

Make the ſun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of conſuls, ſenators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, ſuch as you,
A ſea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and muſick.*
Sic. Firſt, the gods bleſs you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.
Mes. Sir, we have all
Great cauſe to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Mes. Almoſt at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*
Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, *Patricians, and People. They paſs over the ſtage.*
1 *Sen.* Behold our patroneſs, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praiſe the gods,
And make triumphant fires; ſtrew flowers before them:
Unſhout the noiſe that baniſh'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—
All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A flouriſh with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Antium. *A publick Place.*
Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Attendants.*
Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himſelf with words: Deſpatch.
[*Exeunt Attendı*
Enter three or four CONSPIRATORS *of* AUFIDIUS' *fac*
Moſt welcome!

1 CON. How is it with our general?

AUF. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms empoiſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.

2 CON. Moſt noble ſir,
If you do hold the ſame intent wherein
You wiſh'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

AUF. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.

3 CON. The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.

AUF. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being ſo heighten'
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.

3 CON. Sir, his ſtoutneſs,
When he did ſtand for conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping,—

AUF. That I would have ſpoke of:

Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Preſented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chooſe
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took ſome pride
To do myſelf this wrong: till, at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no leſs ſpoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he ſold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore ſhall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the people.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a poſt,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noiſe.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whoſe children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your 'vantage,
Ere he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond. When he lies along,

After your way his tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the city.*

Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auf. I have not deſerv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the laſt, I think,
Might have found eaſy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, anſwering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, *with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your ſoldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our ſpoils we have brought hom
Do more than counterpoiſe, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no leſs honour to the Antiates,
Than ſhame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subſcrib'd by the conſuls and patricians,
Together with the ſeal o' the ſenate, what

We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Doſt thou think
ll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtol'n name
oriolanus in Corioli?——
ou lords and heads of the ſtate, perfidiouſly
le has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
or certain drops of ſalt, your city Rome
I ſay, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk; never admitting
Counſel o' the war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O ſlave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
'was forc'd to ſcold. Your judgements, my grave lords,
uſt give this cur the lie: and his own notion
Who wears my ſtripes impreſs'd on him; that muſt bear
y beating to his grave;) ſhall join to thruſt
ie lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me ſpeak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! Falſe hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*ſeveral ſpeak at onc*

Cit. [*ſpeaking promiſcuouſly.*] Tear him to pieces, do
preſently. He kill'd my ſon;—my daughter;—He kill'
my couſin Marcus;—He kill'd my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His laſt offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With ſix Aufidiuſes, or more, his tribe,
To uſe my lawful ſword!

Auf. Inſolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Cor*
olanus, who falls, and Aufidius ſtands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble maſters, hear me ſpeak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,— [wee

2 *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed whereat valour w

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Maſters all, be quie
Put up your ſwords.

Auf. My lords, when you ſhall know (as in this rag

Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your honours
To call me to your ſenate, I'll deliver
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, or endure
Your heavieſt cenſure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the moſt noble corſe, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the beſt of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am ſtruck with ſorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully:
Trail your ſteel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.—

Aſſiſt. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Coriolanus. *A dead march ſounded.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

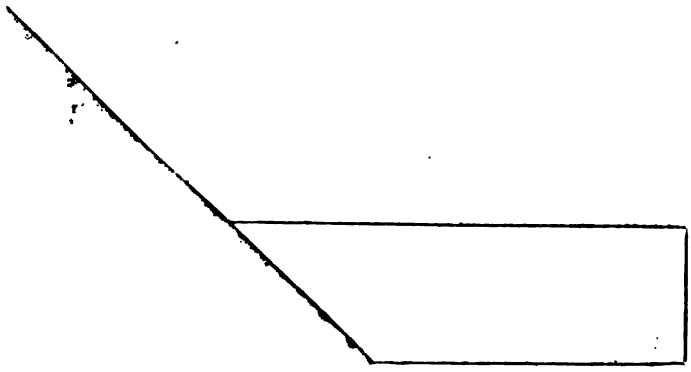
Perſons repreſented.

Julius Cæſar.
Octavius Cæſar,
Marcus Antonius,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Julius Cæſar.
Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*
Marcus Brutus,
Caſſius,
Caſca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna, } *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.
Flavius, *and* Marullus, *Tribunes.*
Artemidorus, *a Sophiſt of* Cnidos.
A Soothſayer.
Cinna, *a Poet. Another Poet.*
Lucilius, Titinius, Meſſala, *Young* Cato, *and* Volumnii *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.
Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius; *Servants to* Brutus.
Pindarus, *Servant to* Caſſius.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.
Portia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rome: *afterwards at* Sardis; *and near* Philippi.



S C Æ S A R.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

AVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of CITIZENS.

Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
ıoliday? What! know you not,
:chanical, you ought not walk,
ıbouring day, without the ſign
›rofeſſion?—Speak, what trade art thou?
Why, ſir, a carpenter.
Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
t thou with thy beſt apparel on?—
what trade are you?
Truly, ſir, in reſpect of a fine workman, I am
u would ſay, a cobler.
ut what trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.
A tradė, ſir, that, I hope, I may uſe with a ſafe
:; which is, indeed, ſir, a mender of bad ſoals.
What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?
Nay, I beſeech you, ſir, be not out with me:
. be out, ſir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meaneſt thou by that? Mend me, ſaucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, ſir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, ſir, all that I live by is, with the I meddle with no tradeſman's matters, nor wo matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, ſir, a ſurge old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I re- them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-le have gone upon my handywork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day? doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, ſir, to wear out their ſhoes, to ge ſelf into more work. But, indeed, ſir, we make day, to ſee Cæſar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conqueſt brin What tributaries follow him to Rome, [h To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs th O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have ſat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To ſee great Pompey paſs the ſtreets of Rome: And when you ſaw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an univerſal ſhout, That Tiber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the replication of your ſounds, Made in her concave ſhores? And do you now put on your beſt attire? And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now ſtrew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
See, whe'r their baſeſt metal be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-tied in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Diſrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do ſo?
You know, it is the feaſt of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæſar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing feathers pluck'd from Cæſar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A publick Place.

Enter, in proceſſion, with muſick, Cæsar; Antony, *for the courſe;* Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, *and* Casca, *a great crowd following; among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæſar ſpeaks. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his courſe.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæſar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your ſpeed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders ſay,
The barren, touched in this holy chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril curſe.

Ant. I ſhall remember:
When Cæſar ſays, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Muſick*

Sooth. Cæſar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noiſe be ſtill:—Peace yet again.
[*Muſick ceaſes.*

Cæs. Who is it in the preſs, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, ſhriller than all the muſick,
Cry, Cæſar: Speak; Cæſar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A ſoothſayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæſar.

Cæs. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—paſs.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* Brutus *and* Cassius.

Cas. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gameſome: I do lack ſome part

Of that quick ſpirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Caſſius, your deſires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs,
And ſhow of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myſelf. Vexed I am,
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf,
Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Caſſius, be you one;)
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you ſee your face?

Bru. No, Caſſius: for the eye ſees not itſelf,
But by reflection, by ſome other things.

Cas. 'Tis juſt:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæſar,) ſpeaking of Brutus,

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wiſh'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Caſſius,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, ſince you know you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflection, I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſter; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flouriſh, and ſhout*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear the people
Chooſe Cæſar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.

Bru. I would not, Caſſius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

:e the winter's cold, as well as he.
nce, upon a raw and guſty day,
roubled Tiber chafing with her ſhores,
ſaid to me, *Dar'ſt thou*, Caſſius, *now*
'n with me into this angry flood,
'vim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
ıtred as I was, I plunged in,
ɔade him follow: ſo, indeed, he did.
orrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide
ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
re we could arrive the point propos'd,
cry'd, *Help me*, Caſſius, *or I ſink.*
Æneas, our great anceſtor,
rom the flames of Troy upon his ſhoulder
ɔld Anchiſes bear, ſo, from the waves of Tiber
the tired Cæſar: And this man
ɴ become a god; and Caſſius is
ɛtched creature, and muſt bend his body,
ſar careleſsly but nod on him.
ıd a fever when he was in Spain,
when the fit was on him, I did mark
he did ſhake: 'tis true, this god did ſhake:
oward lips did from their colour fly;
:hat ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the world,
ɔſe his luſtre: I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, *Give me ſome drink*, Titinius,
As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtick world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*

Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.

Cas. Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow world,
Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome time are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæſar: What ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar. [*Shout*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his ſtate in Rome,
As eaſily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim:
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter; for this preſent,
I would not, ſo with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer, ſuch high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of Rome
Under theſe hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Hath ſtruck but thus much ſhow of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæſar is returning.

Cas. As they paſs by, pluck Caſca by the ſleeve;
And he will, after his ſour faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do ſo:—But, look you, Caſſius,
The angry ſpot doth glow on Cæſar's brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with ſuch ferret and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſs'd in conference by ſome ſenators.

Cas. Caſca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæſar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep o'nights:
Yond' Caſſius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: ſuch men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæſar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid
So ſoon as that ſpare Caſſius. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou doſt, Antony; he hears no muſick:
Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæſar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his Train, Casca ſtays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, Caſca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæſar looks ſo ſad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aſk Caſca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and be-

ing offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They ſhouted thrice; What was the laſt cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Caſca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and ſtill as he refuſed it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath becauſe Cæſar refuſed the crown, that it had almoſt choked Cæſar; for he ſwoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But ſoft, I pray you: What? did Cæſar ſwoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-ſickneſs.

Cas. No, Cæſar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honeſt Caſca, we have the falling-ſickneſs.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am ſure, Cæſar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleaſed, and diſpleaſed them, as they uſe to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refuſed the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid, any thing amiſs, he deſired their worſhips to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I ſtood, cried, *Alas, good ſoul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæſar had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero ſay any thing?

Casca. Ay, he ſpoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But thoſe, that underſtood him, ſmiled at one another, and ſhook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling ſcarfs off Cæſar's images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you ſup with me to-night, Caſca?
Casca. No, I am promiſed forth.
Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and ur dinner worth the eating.
Cas. Good; I will expect you.
Casca. Do ſo: Farewell, both. [*Exit Casca.*
Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? e was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.
Cas. So is he now, in execution f any bold or noble enterprize, owever he puts on this tardy form. his rudeneſs is a ſauce to his good wit, hich gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words ith better appetite.
Bru. And ſo it is. For this time I will leave you: o-morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me, will come home to you; or, if you will, ome home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do ſo:—till then, think of the world. [*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I ſee, hy honourable metal may be wrought rom that it is diſpos'd: Therefore 'tis meet hat noble minds keep ever with their likes: or who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd? æſar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus: f I were Brutus now, and he were Caſſius, e ſhould not humour me. I will this night, n ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw, s if they came from ſeveral citizens, ritings, all tending to the great opinion hat Rome holds of his name; wherein obſcurely

Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæſar ſeat him ſure;
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from oppoſite ſides, CASCA, *with his ſword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Caſca: Brought you Cæſar home?
Why are you breathleſs? and why ſtare you ſo?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have ſeen
The ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtrife in heaven;
Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common ſlave (you know him well by ſight,)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, (I have not ſince put up my ſword,)
Againſt the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghaſtly women,
Transformed with their fear; who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the ſtreets.
And, yeſterday, the bird of night did ſit,

Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and ſhrieking. When theſe prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their reaſons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange-diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes Cæſar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Caſca: this diſturbed ſky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Caſca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Caſſius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace ſo?

Cas. Thoſe, that have known the earth ſo full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Caſca, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my boſom to the thunder-ſtone:
And, when the croſs blue lightning ſeem'd to open
The breaſt of heaven, I did preſent myſelf
Even in the aim and very flaſh of it. [vens?

Casca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the hea-
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty gods, by tokens, ſend

Such dreadful heralds to aſtoniſh us.

Cas. You are dull, Caſca; and thoſe ſparks of life
That ſhould be in a Roman, you do want,
Or elſe you uſe not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and caſt yourſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding ghoſts,
Why birds, and beaſts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all theſe things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear, and warning,
Unto ſome monſtrous ſtate. Now could I, Caſca,
Name to thee a man moſt like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæſar that you mean: Is it not, Caſſius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits;
Our yoke and ſufferance ſhow us womaniſh.

Casca. Indeed, they ſay, the ſenators to-morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh Cæſar as a king:
And he ſhall wear his crown, by ſea, and land,
In every place, ſave here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;

Caſſius from bondage will deliver Caſſius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit;
But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
If I know this, know all the world beſides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

CASCA. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CAS. And why ſhould Cæſar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees, the Romans are but ſheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws: What traſh is Rome,
What rubbiſh, and what offal, when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæſar? But, O, grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My anſwer muſt be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You ſpeak to Caſca; and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs;
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

CAS. There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Caſca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous conſequence;
And I do know, by this, they ſtay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter CINNA.

CASCA. Stand cloſe awhile, for here comes one in haſ

CAS. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haſte you ſo?

CIN. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimbe

CAS. No, it is Caſca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, Cinna?

CIN. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.

CAS. Am I not ſtaid for, Cinna? Tell me.

CIN. Yes,
You are. O, Caſſius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

CAS. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: ſet this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' ſtatue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

CIN. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit* CINNA.

Come, Caſca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
ee Brutus at his houſe: three parts of him
s ours already; and the man entire,
pon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he ſits high in all the people's hearts:
nd that, which would appear offence in us,
is countenance, like richeſt alchymy,
ill change to virtue, and to worthineſs.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
ou have right well conceited. Let us go,
r it is after midnight; and, ere day,
e will awake him, and be ſure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The ſame. BRUTUS's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
annot, by the progreſs of the ſtars,
ive gueſs how near to day.—Lucius, I ſay!—
would it were my fault to ſleep ſo ſoundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I ſay: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him,
ut for the general. He would be crown'd:—
ow that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuſe of greatneſs is, when it disjoins
Remorſe from power: And, to ſpeak truth of Cæſar,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: So Cæſar may;
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And, ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, ſir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus ſeal'd up; and, I am ſure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, ſir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, ſir. [*Ex*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thyſelf.
Shall Rome &c. Speak, ſtrike, redreſs!
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt; awake,—
Such inſtigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome &c. Thus muſt I piece it out;
Shall Rome ſtand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs!—Am I entreated then
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O Rome! I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiveſt
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is waſted fourteen days. [*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; ſomebody knocks.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

Since Caſſius firſt did whet me againſt Cæſar,
I have not ſlept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal inſtruments,
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Caſſius at the door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, ſir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, ſir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may diſcover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhow thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are moſt free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To maſk thy monſtrous viſage? Seek none, conſpiracy;
Hide it in ſmiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native ſemblance on,
Not Erebus itſelf were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your reſt:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I theſe men, that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of yourſelf,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Caſca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whiſper.*

Dec. Here lies the eaſt: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, ſir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are meſſengers of day.

Casca. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my ſword, the ſun ariſes;
Which is a great way growing on the ſouth,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He firſt preſents his fire; and the high eaſt
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us ſwear our reſolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe,—
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-ſighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe,
To prick us to redreſs? what other bond,
Than ſecret Romans, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad cauſes ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not ſtain

The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits,
To think, that, or our cauſe, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he do break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſs'd from him.

Cas. But, what of Cicero? Shall we ſound him?
I think, he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his judgement rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildneſs, ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only Cæſar

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of Cæſar,
Should outlive Cæſar: We ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæſar, fall together.

Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, Caius Caſſi
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;

Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæſar.
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of Cæſar;
And in the ſpirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæſar's ſpirit,
And not diſmember Cæſar! But, alas,
Cæſar muſt bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæſar's arm,
When Cæſar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæſar,—

Bru. Alas, good Caſſius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæſar, all that he can do
Is to himſelf; take thought, and die for Cæſar:
And that were much he ſhould; for he is given
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock ſtrikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath ſtricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

Whe'r Cæſar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this night,
And the perſuaſion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'erſway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermoſt?

Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæſar hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him. [Brutus:—

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you,
And, friends, diſperſe yourſelves: but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhow yourſelves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy:
And ſo, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.

Boy! Lucius!—Faſt aſleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures, nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yeſternight, at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your arms acroſs:
And when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And, could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wiſe, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus ſick;
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his ſickneſs? No, my Brutus;
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had reſort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourſelf,
But, as it were, in ſort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the ſuburl
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;

As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart.
Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
a woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
a woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
being ſo father'd, and ſo huſbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the charactery of my ſad brows:—
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that, knocks?
Luc. Here is a ſick man, that would ſpeak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus ſpake of.—
Boy, ſtand aſide.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you choſe out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not ſick!
Lig. I am not ſick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here diſcard my ſickneſs. Soul of Rome!
Brave ſon, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick men whole.

Lig. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſick?

Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my Caius,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it muſt be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room in CÆSAR's Palace. Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her ſleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæſar. Who's within?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the prieſts do preſent ſacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of ſucceſs.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæſar? Think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtir out of your houſe to-day.

Cæs. Cæſar ſhall forth: The things, that threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they ſhall ſee
The face of Cæſar, they are vaniſhed.

CAL. Cæſar, I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and ſquadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air,
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O Cæſar! theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

CÆS. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæſar ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæſar.

CAL. When beggars die, there are no comets ſeen;
The heavens themſelves blaze forth the death of princes.

CÆS. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a SERVANT.

What ſay the augurers?

SERV. They would not have you to ſtir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

Cæs. The gods do this in ſhame of cowardice:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæſar ſhall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæſar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæſar ſhall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend Mark Antony to the ſenate-houſe;
And he ſhall ſay, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony ſhall ſay, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he ſhall tell them ſo.

Dec. Cæſar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæſar:
I come to fetch you to the ſenate-houſe.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the ſenators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is falſe; and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to-day: Tell them ſo, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is ſick.

Cæs. Shall Cæſar ſend a lie?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretch'd mine arm ſo far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæſar will not come.

Dec. Moſt mighty Cæſar, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at, when I tell them ſo.

Cæs. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfy the ſenate.
But, for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt to-night ſhe ſaw my ſtatua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood; and many luſty Romans
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And theſe does ſhe apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a viſion, fair and fortunate:
Your ſtatue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood; and that great men ſhall preſs
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is ſignify'd.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay:
And know it now; The ſenate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæſar.
If you ſhall ſend them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Break up the ſenate till another time,
When Cæſar's wife ſhall meet with better dreams.
If Cæſar hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
Lo, Cæſar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæſar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;

And reaſon to my love is liable.

Cæs. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, Calphurnia?
I am aſhamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæſar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?—
Good-morrow, Caſca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courteſy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,
Is notwithſtanding up:——
Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to moſt noble Cæſar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæſar, I will:—and ſo near will I be, [*Aſide.*
That your beſt friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taſte ſome wine with me;
And we, like friends, will ſtraightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O Cæſar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A ſtreet near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. Cæſar, *beware of* Brutus; *take heed of* Caſſius; *come not near* Caſca; *have an eye to* Cinna; *truſt not* Trebonius; *mark well* Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus *loves thee not; thou haſt wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar. *If thou be'ſt not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conſpiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*

Artemidorus.

Here will I ſtand, till Cæſar paſs along,
And as a ſuitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæſar, thou may'ſt live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. Another part of the ſame ſtreet, before the houſe of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the ſenate-houſe;
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone:
Why doſt thou ſtay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there.—
O conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæſar doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter SOOTHSAYER.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way haſt thou been?
Sooth. At mine own houſe, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæſar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to Cæſar, haſt thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will pleaſe Cæſar
To be ſo good to Cæſar, as to hear me,
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.
Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm's intended towards him? [may chance.
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
Good morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæſar at the heels,
Of ſenators, of prætors, common ſuitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæſar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

POR. I muſt go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
e heart of woman is! O Brutus!
e heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprize!
e, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a ſuit,
at Cæſar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
n, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
, I am merry: come to me again,
d bring me word what he doth ſay to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The ſame. The Capitol; the Senate ſitting. crowd of people in the ſtreet leading to the Capitol; among hem ARTEMIDORUS, *and the* SOOTHSAYER. *Flouriſh. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

CÆS. The ides of March are come.
SOOTH. Ay, Cæſar; but not gone.
ART. Hail, Cæſar! Read this ſchedule.
DEC. Trebonius doth deſire you to o'er-read,
your beſt leiſure, this his humble ſuit.
ART. O, Cæſar, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit
at touches Cæſar nearer: Read it, great Cæſar.
CÆS. What touches us ourſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.
ART. Delay not, Cæſar; read it inſtantly.
CÆS. What, is the fellow mad?
PUB. Sirrah, give place.
CAS. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet?
ne to the Capitol.
SAR enters the Capitol, the reſt following. All the Senators riſe.
POP. I wiſh, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [*advances to Cæsar.*

Bru. What ſaid Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wiſh'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpoſe is diſcovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæſar: Mark him.

Cas. Caſca, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what ſhall be done? If this be known,
Caſſius or Cæſar never ſhall turn back,
For I will ſlay myſelf.

Bru. Caſſius, be conſtant:
Popilius Lena ſpeaks not of our purpoſes;
For, look, he ſmiles, and Cæſar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* Antony *and* Trebonius. *Cæsar and the Senators take their ſeats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And preſently prefer his ſuit to Cæſar.

Bru. He is addreſs'd: preſs near, and ſecond him.

Cin. Caſca, you are the firſt that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiſs,
That Cæſar, and his ſenate, muſt redreſs?

Met. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant Cæſar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy ſeat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I muſt prevent thee, Cimber.
Theſe couchings, and theſe lowly courteſies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and firſt decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæſar bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words,
Low-crooked curt'ſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.

MET. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great Cæſar's ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?

BRU. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæſar;
Deſiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CÆS. What, Brutus!

CAS. Pardon, Cæſar; Cæſar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Caſſius fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for Publius Cimber.

CÆS. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true-fix'd, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The ſkies are painted with unnumber'd ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little ſhow it, even in this;
That I was conſtant Cimber ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cin. O Cæſar,—

Cæs. Hence? Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæſar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootleſs kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca ſtabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then ſtabb'd by ſeveral other conſpirators, and at laſt by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæſar.

[*Dies. The ſenators and people retire in confuſion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement!

Bru. People, and ſenators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; ſtand ſtill:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Caſſius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friend of Cæſar
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of ſtanding;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no Roman elſe: ſo tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; leſt that the people,
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.

Bru. Do ſo;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his houſe amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,

As it were doomſday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures:—
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæſar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, ſtoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæſar's blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and waſh.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted over,
In ſtates unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times ſhall Cæſar bleed in ſport,
That now on Pompey's baſis lies along,
No worthier than the duſt?

Cas. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, ſhall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus ſhall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt and beſt hearts of Rome.

Enter a SERVANT.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being proſtrate, thus he bade me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant, and honeſt;

Cæſar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæſar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchſafe, that Antony
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How Cæſar hath deſerv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony ſhall not love Cæſar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod ſtate,
With all true faith. So ſays my maſter Antony.

Bru. Thy maſter is a wiſe and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,
He ſhall be ſatisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Serv.*

Bru. I know, that we ſhall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wiſh, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæſar! Doſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank:
If I myſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As Cæſar's death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth, as thoſe your ſwords, made rich
With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoke,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no mean of death,
As here by Cæſar, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our preſent act,
You ſee we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæſar. For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in ſtrength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's,
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love Cæſar when I ſtruck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
Firſt, Marcus Brutus, will I ſhake with you;—
Next, Caius Caſſius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Caſca, yours;—
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæſar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall; and here thy hunters ſtand,
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and crimſon'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, ſtricken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Caſſius:
The enemies of Cæſar ſhall ſay this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Cas. I blame you not for praiſing Cæſar ſo;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæſar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons,

Why, and wherein, Cæſar was dangerous.

Bru. Or elſe were this a ſavage ſpectacle:
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the ſon of Cæſar,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.

Ant. That's all I ſeek:
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You ſhall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; Do not conſent, [*Aſide.*
That Antony ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myſelf into the pulpit firſt,
And ſhow the reaſon of our Cæſar's death:
What Antony ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave and by permiſſion;
And that we are contented, Cæſar ſhall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæſar's body.
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of Cæſar;
And ſay, you do't by our permiſſion;
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it ſo;
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* Antony

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with cuſtom of fell deeds:
And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let ſlip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You ſerve Octavius Cæſar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæſar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæſar!— [*Seeing the body*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
'aſſion, I ſee, is catching; for mine eyes,
eeing thoſe beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
egan to water. Is thy maſter coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within ſeven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath
lere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, [chanc'd:
lo Rome of ſafety for Octavius yet;
lie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet, ſtay a while;
'hou ſhalt not back, till I have borne this corſe
nto the market-place: there ſhall I try,
ı my oration, how the people take
'he cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
ccording to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
'o young Octavius of the ſtate of things.
end me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* Cæsar's *body.*

SCENE II. The ſame. The Forum.

nter Brutus, *and* Cassius, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Cit. We will be ſatisfied; let us be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
ıſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
nd part the numbers.—
hoſe that will hear me ſpeak, let them ſtay here;
hoſe that will follow Caſſius, go with him;
nd public reaſons ſhall be rendered
f Cæſar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus ſpeak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Caſſius; and compare their reaſons,
When ſeverally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* Cassius, *with ſome of the Citizens.* Brutus *goes into the roſtrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is aſcended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the laſt.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe: cenſure me in your wiſdom; and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus' love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer,—Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here ſo baſe, that would be a bondman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. I pauſe for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*ſeveral ſpeaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhould do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he ſuffer'd death.

Enter Antony and Others, with Cæſar's *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As

hich of you ſhall not? With this I depart; That, as I ew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame agger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to eed my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2 *Cit.* Give him a ſtatue with his anceſtors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæſar.

4 *Cit.* Cæſar's better parts
hall now be crown'd in Brutus. [clamours.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his houſe with ſhouts and

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; ſilence! Brutus ſpeaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæſar's corpſe, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to Cæſar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have ſpoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' ſake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he ſay of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He ſays, for Brutus' ſake,
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæſar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bleſs'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can ſay.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ea
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me:
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæſar hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff:
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe;
What cauſe withholds you then to mourn for him?

judgement, thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
nd men have loſt their reaſon!—Bear with me;
y heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
ıd I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.
1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
2 *Cit.* If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
ɛſar has had great wrong.
3 *Cit.* Has he, maſters?
fear, there will a worſe come in his place. [crown;
4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
herefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1 *Cit.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.
2 *Cit.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.
4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.
Ant. But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
ve ſtood againſt the world: now lies he there,
d none ſo poor to do him reverence.
naſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtir
ır hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
ıould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong,
ıo, you all know, are honourable men:
ill not do them wrong; I rather chooſe
wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf, and you,
ın I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
: here's a parchment, with the ſeal of Cæſar,
ɔund it in his cloſet, 'tis his will:
: but the commons hear this teſtament,
Vhich, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
ıd they would go and kiſs dead Cæſar's wounds,
nd dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
ea, beg a hair of him for memory,
ınd, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their iſſue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæſar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæſar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæſar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you ſhould, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You ſhall read us the will; Cæſar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you ſtay a while?
I have o'er-ſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd Cæſar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the teſtament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpſe of Cæſar,
And let me ſhow you him that made the will.
Shall I deſcend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Cit.* You ſhall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; ſtand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—moſt noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me; ſtand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
ou all do know this mantle: I remember
he firſt time ever Cæſar put it on;
'was on a ſummer's evening, in his tent;
hat day he overcame the Nervii:—
ook! in this place, ran Caſſius' dagger through:
ee, what a rent the envious Caſca made:
'hrough this, the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
nd, as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
lark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it;
s ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd
f Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no;
or Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel:
udge, O you gods, how dearly Cæſar lov'd him!
'his was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all:
or when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
ngratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
uite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his mighty heart;
nd, in his mantle muffling up his face,
ven at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatua,
Vhich all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell.
, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
hen I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Vhilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
'he dint of pity: theſe are gracious drops.
ind ſouls, what, weep you, when you but behold
)ur Cæſar's veſture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæſar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Cit.* We will be reveng'd: revenge; about,—ſeek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—ſlay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to ſpeak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood: I only ſpeak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourſelves do know;
Show you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them ſpeak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the houſe of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me ſpeak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, moſt noble Antony.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what

Wherein hath Cæſar thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I muſt tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Cit. Moſt true;—the will;—let's ſtay, and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæſar's ſeal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every ſeveral man, ſeventy-five drachmas.
2 *Cit.* Moſt noble Cæſar!—We'll revenge his death.
3 *Cit.* O royal Cæſar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
Cit. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this ſide Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourſelves.
Here was a Cæſar: When comes ſuch another?
1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houſes.
Take up the body.
2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS, *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæſar's houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight to viſit him:
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him ſay, Brutus and Caſſius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeu*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Street.

Enter Cinna the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feaſt with Cæſar,
And things unluckily charge my fantaſy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Anſwer every man, directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wiſely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Wh
do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Ther
anſwer every man directly, and briefly, wiſely, and tr
Wiſely I ſay, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to ſay, they are fools
marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proc
directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæſar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is anſwer'd directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, ſir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conſpirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verſes, tear him for his bad verſes.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conſpirator.

Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Caſſius'; burn all. Some to Decius' houſe, and ſome to Caſca's; ſome to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The ſame. A Room in ANTONY's *houſe.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, *ſeated at a table.*

Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too muſt die; Conſent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do conſent.

Oct. Prick him down Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius ſhall not live,
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, Mark Antony.

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæſar's houſe;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off ſome charge in legacies.

Lep. What, ſhall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable man,

Meet to be ſent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the tree to ſhare it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who ſhould be prick'd to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.
Ant. Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you:
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſlanderous loads,
He ſhall but bear them as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant ſoldier.
Ant. So is my horſe, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And, in ſome taſte, is Lepidus but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-ſpirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Liſten great things.—Brutus and Caſſius,
Are levying powers: we muſt ſtraight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,

ieſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretch'd out;
let us preſently go ſit in council,
covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
open perils ſureſt anſwered.
r. Let us do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,
bay'd about with many enemies;
ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
ons of miſchief. [*Exeunt.*

VE II. *Before* BRUTUS' *tent, in the camp near* Sardis.
'. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and Soldiers:* TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*
RU. Stand here.
'C. Give the word, ho! and ſtand.
RU. What now, Lucilius? is Caſſius near?
IC. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
lo you ſalutation from his maſter.
[*PINDARUS gives a letter to* BRUTUS.
RU. He greets me well.—Your maſter, Pindarus,
is own change, or by ill officers,
ı given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
ıgs done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
ıll be ſatisfied.
IN. I do not doubt,
that my noble maſter will appear
ı as he is, full of regard, and honour.
RU. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
r he receiv'd you, let me be reſolv'd.
UC. With courteſy, and with reſpect enough;
not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
with ſuch free and friendly conference,
ıe hath us'd of old.
RU. Thou haſt deſcrib'd

A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony,
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhow and promiſe of their mettle:
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſts, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with Caſſius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Moſt noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Caſſius, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which ſhould perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Caſſius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

id our commanders lead their charges off
. little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
ome to our tent, till we have done our conference.
et Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Within the tent of BRUTUS.
Lucius and Titinius at ſome diſtance from it.
Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man, were ſlighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf, to write in ſuch a caſe.
Cas. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence ſhould bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To ſell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that ſpeak this,
Or, by the gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of Caſſius honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chaſtiſement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for juſtice' ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now

Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours,
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Caſſius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, ſlight man!

Cas. Is't poſſible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Muſt I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart
Go, ſhow your ſlaves how choleric you are, [break;
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Though it do ſplit you: for, from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier:
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,

d it ſhall pleaſe me well: For mine own part,
ıall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
aid, an elder ſoldier, not a better:
id I ſay, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not. [me.
Cas. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd
Bru. Peace, peace; you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Cas. I durſt not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Cas. Do not preſume too much upon my love,
may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
ere is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
ıt they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
ich I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
I can raiſe no money by vile means:
heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
l drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
n the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
ıny indirection. I did ſend
you for gold to pay my legions,
ich you deny'd me: Was that done like Caſſius?
uld I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
en Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
eady, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
ı him to pieces!
as. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool, [he
That brought my anſwer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
A friend ſhould bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practiſe them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appe
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius,
For Caſſius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O, I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'ſt a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didſt at Cæſar; for, I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him bet
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, ſhows a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Caſſius liv'd
o be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
'hen grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd, too.
Cas. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
Vhen that raſh humour, which my mother gave me,
Iakes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Caſſius; and, henceforth,
Vhen you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
Ie'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.
[*Noiſe within.*
Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to ſee the generals;
There is ſome grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Luc. [*within.*] You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.
Enter POET.
Cas. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I am ſure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhime!
Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his faſhion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jigging fools?
Companion, hence.
Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit* POET.
Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourſelves, and bring Meſſala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been ſo angry.

Bru. O Caſſius, I am ſick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears ſorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſs'd you ſo?—
O inſupportable and touching loſs!—
Upon what ſickneſs?

Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.

Cas. And died ſo?

Bru. Even ſo.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.——Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindneſs, Caſſius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Meſſala.—
Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,

And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Cas. Portia! art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proſcription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred ſenators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſeventy ſenators, that died
By their proſcriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proſcription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Meſſala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Meſſala.
Mes. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aſk you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We muſt die, Meſſala:
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you thi
Of marching to Philippi preſently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reaſon?

Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy ſeek us:
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſs.

Bru. Good reaſons muſt, of force, give place to be
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut them off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon, you muſt note beſide,
That we have tried the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cauſe is ripe:
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat;
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ;
e'll along ourſelves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
ıd nature muſt obey neceſſity ;
hich we will niggard with a little reſt.
ere is no more to ſay ?
Cas. No more. Good night ;
rly to-morrow will we riſe, and hence. [Meſſala ;—
Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good
ood night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Caſſius,
ood night, and good repoſe.
Cas. O my dear brother !
his was an ill beginning of the night :
ever come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls !
et it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one. [*Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.*

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

ive me the gown. Where is thy inſtrument ?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily ?
oor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.
all Claudius, and ſome other of my men ;
ll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord ?
Bru. I pray you, ſirs, lie in my tent, and ſleep ;
nay be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by
buſineſs to my brother Caſſius.

VAR. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pl
BRU. I will not have it ſo: lie down, good ſirs; [ſu
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Servants *lie dow*
LUC. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.
BRU. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument a ſtrain or two?
LUC. Ay, my lord, an it pleaſe you.
BRU. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
LUC. It is my duty, ſir.
BRU. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of reſt.
LUC. I have ſlept, my lord, already.
BRU. It is well done; and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick, and a ſo*
This is a ſleepy tune:—O murd'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muſick?—Gentle knave, good night
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me ſee, let me ſee;—Is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He ſits do*

Enter the Ghoſt of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome god, ſome angel, or ſome devil,

hat mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
ɔeak to me, what thou art.

Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;
hen I ſhall ſee thee again?

Ghoſt. Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at Philippi then.—
ɔow I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
ill ſpirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks, he ſtill is at his inſtrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didſt thou dream, Lucius, that thou ſo cry'dſt out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou did'ſt: Didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, ſirs, in your ſleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Caſſius;
Bid him ſet on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

VAR. CLAU. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeu.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

OCT. Now, Antony, our hopes are anſwered:
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Anſwering before we do demand of them.

ANT. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To viſit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhow;
Their bloody ſign of battle is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.

ANT. Octavius, lead your battle ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCT. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

ANT. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?

OCT. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March. Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

BRU. They ſtand, and would have parley.

CAS. Stand faſt, Titinius: We muſt out and talk.

OCT. Mark Antony, ſhall we give ſign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæſar, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have ſome words.
Oct. Stir not until the ſignal.
Bru. Words before blows: Is it ſo, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witneſs the hole you made in Cæſar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæſar!*
Cas. Antony,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.
Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.
Bru. O, yes, and ſoundleſs too;
For you have ſtol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wiſely, threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains, you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of Cæſar:
You ſhow'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kiſſing Cæſar's feet;
Whilſt damned Caſca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæſar on the neck. O flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourſelf:
This tongue had not offended ſo to-day,
If Caſſius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cauſe: If arguing make us ſweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you that the ſword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæſar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæſar

Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.

Bru. Cæſar, thou can'ſt not die by traitor's hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' ſword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the nobleſt of thy ſtrain,
Young man, thou could'ſt not die more honourable.

Cas. A peeviſh ſchoolboy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Caſſius ſtill!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.

[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; ſwell, billow; and ſwim
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard. [bark!

Bru. Ho!
Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [*Brutus and* Lucilius *converſe apart.*

Cas. Meſſala,—

Mes. What ſays my general?

Cas. Meſſala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Caſſius born. Give me thy hand, Meſſala:
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus ſtrong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

rging and feeding from our ſoldiers' hands;
ho to Philippi here conſorted us:
is morning are they fled away, and gone;
nd, in their ſteads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
y o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
; we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
canopy moſt fatal, under which
ir army lies, ready to give up the ghoſt.
Mes. Believe not ſo.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
r I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
meet all perils very conſtantly.
Bru. Even ſo, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, moſt noble Brutus,
e gods to-day ſtand friendly; that we may,
vers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
t, ſince the affairs of men reſt ſtill uncertain,
t's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
we do loſe this battle, then is this
e very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together:
hat are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philoſophy,
which I did blame Cato for the death
hich he did give himſelf;—I know not how,
t I do find it cowardly and vile,
r fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
e time of life:—arming myſelf with patience,
ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
at govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we loſe this battle,
ou are contented to be led in triumph
horough the ſtreets of Rome?
Bru. No, Caſſius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
Muſt end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we ſhall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlaſting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Caſſius!
If we do meet again, why we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs, ere it come!
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Meſſala, ride, and give theſe bills
Unto the legions on the other ſide: [*Loud alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Meſſala; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This enſign here of mine was turning back;
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Caſſius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having ſome advantage on Octavius,

ook it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
'hilſt we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
ark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
y therefore, noble Caſſius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
re thoſe my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'ſt me,
lount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'ill he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
nd here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
ly ſight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
nd tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
his day I breathed firſt: time is come round,
nd, where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
ly life is run his compaſs.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is
ncloſed round about with horſemen, that
lake to him on the ſpur;—yet he ſpurs on.—
low they are almoſt on him; now, Titinius!—
low ſome 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—and,
hark! [*Shout.*
'hey ſhout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
), coward that I am, to live ſo long,

To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, ſirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee priſoner;
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come now, keep thine oa
Now be a freeman; and, with this good ſword,
That ran through Cæſar's bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword.—Cæſar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the ſword that kill'd thee. [D

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my will. O Caſſius!
Far from this country Pindarus ſhall run,
Where never Roman ſhall take note of him. [E

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Caſſius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort Caſſius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All diſconſolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Meſſala,
But Caſſius is no more.—O ſetting ſun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood Caſſius' day is ſet;
The ſun of Rome is ſet! Our day is gone;

louds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
liſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Mes. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
hateful error, melancholy's child!
Vhy doſt thou ſhow to the apt thoughts of men
he things that are not? O error, ſoon conceiv'd,
hou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
ıt kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilſt I go to meet
he noble Brutus, thruſting this report
ıto his ears: I may ſay, thruſting it;
or piercing ſteel, and darts envenomed,
hall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
ls tidings of this fight.
Tit. Hie you, Meſſala,
ınd I will ſeek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* Messala.
Vhy didſt thou ſend me forth, brave Caſſius?
lid I not meet thy friends? and did not they
ut on my brows this wreath of victory,
ınd bid me give 't thee? Didſt thou not hear their ſhouts?
las, thou haſt miſconſtrued every thing.
ut hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
hy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Vill do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
ınd ſee how I regarded Caius Caſſius.—
y your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
ome, Caſſius' ſword, and find Titinius' heart. [*dies.*
Alarum. Re-enter Messala, *with* Brutus, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.
Bru. Where, where, Meſſala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is ſlain.

Bru. O Julius Cæſar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy ſpirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarum*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Caſſius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living ſuch as theſe?—
The laſt of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impoſſible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.—
I ſhall find time, Caſſius, I ſhall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thaſſos ſend his body;
His funerals ſhall not be in our camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, ſet our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, SOLDIERS *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What baſtard doth not? Who will go with me
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho! [*charges the enemy*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and fa*

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Vhy, now thou dieſt as bravely as Titinius;
ınd may'ſt be honour'd being Cato's ſon.
1 SOLD. Yield, or thou dieſt.
LUC. Only I yield to die:
here is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
[*Offering money.*
ill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 SOLD. We muſt not.—A noble priſoner!
2 SOLD. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 SOLD. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—
Enter ANTONY.
rutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
ANT. Where is he?
LUC. Safe, Antony; Brutus is ſafe enough:
dare aſſure thee, that no enemy
hall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
he gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame!
Vhen you do find him, or alive, or dead,
le will be found like Brutus, like himſelf.
ANT. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I aſſure you,
A prize no leſs in worth: keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs: I had rather have
uch men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
ınd ſee whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
ınd bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
low every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

BRU. Come, poor remains of friends, reſt on this rock.
CLI. Statilius ſhow'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
e came not back; he is or ta'en, or ſlain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in faſhion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*whiſpering*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myſelf.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*whiſpers him*

Dar. I do ſuch a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill requeſt did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; liſt a word.

Vol. What ſays my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghoſt of Cæſar hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this laſt night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not ſo, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, Volumnius.
Thou ſee'ſt the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy, to leap in ourſelves,
Than tarry till they puſh us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my ſword-hilts, whilſt I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum ſtill.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep; [nius.—
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this loſing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within;* Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt* Clitus, Dardanius, *and* Volumnius.
I pr'ythee, Strato, ſtay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect;
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of honour in it:
Hold then my ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand firſt: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæſar, now be ſtill;
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will.
[*He runs on his ſword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, *and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My maſter's man.—Strato, where is thy maſter?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Meſſala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himſelf,
And no man elſe hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus ſhould be found.—I thank thee,
That thou haſt prov'd Lucilius' ſaying true.

Oct. All that ſerv'd Brutus, I will entertain th
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Meſſala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do ſo, Meſſala.

Mes. How died my maſter, Strato?

Stra. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt Roman of them al
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæſar;
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us uſe him,
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night ſhall lie,
Moſt like a ſoldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to reſt: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Perſons repreſented.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæſar,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo, } *Friends of* Antony.
Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus, } *Friends to* Cæſar.
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius, } *Friends of* Pompey.
Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæſar.
Canidius, *Lieutenant-General to* Antony.
Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *army.*
An Ambaſſador from Antony *to* Cæſar.
Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, *and* Diomedes, *Attendan*
Cleopatra.
A Soothſayer. A Clown.
Cleopatra, *Queen of* Egypt.
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony.
Charmian,
Iras, } *Attendants on* Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, ana other Attendant

SCENE, diſperſed; in ſeveral parts of the Roman *Em*

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

E I. Alexandria. *A Room in* CLEOPATRA's *Palace.*
Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

. Nay, but this dotage of our general's,
ws the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes,
'er the files and muſters of the war
glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
ffice and devotion of their view
a tawny front: his captain's heart,
in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
uckles on his breaſt, reneges all temper;
s become the bellows, and the fan,
ol a gipſy's luſt. Look, where they come!
iſh. *Enter* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their trains*; Eunuchs *fanning her.*
but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
riple pillar of the world transform'd
ſtrumpet's fool: behold and ſee.
o. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
T. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
o. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd. [earth.
T. Then muſt thou needs find out new heaven, new

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. 'Grates me:—The ſum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the ſcarce-bearded Cæſar have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchiſe that;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and moſt like,
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from Cæſar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's proceſs? Cæſar's, I would ſay?—
Both?—
Call in the meſſengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou bluſheſt, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæſar's homager: elſe ſo thy cheek pays ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd Fulvia ſcolds.—The meſſengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man: the nobleneſs of life
Is, to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of puniſhment, the world to weet,
We ſtand up peerleſs.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll ſeem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himſelf.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of love, and her ſoft hours,

t's not confound the time with conference harſh:
ıere's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
ithout ſome pleaſure now: What ſport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambaſſadors.
Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!
hom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
› weep; whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
› make itſelf, in thee, fair and admir'd!
› meſſenger; but thine and all alone,
›-night, we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
ıe qualities of people. Come, my queen;
ſt night you did deſire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their train.*
Dem. Is Cæſar with Antonius priz'd ſo ſlight?
Phi. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not Antony,
: comes too ſhort of that great property
hich ſtill ſhould go with Antony.
Dem. I'm full ſorry,
ıat he approves the common liar, who
us ſpeaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame. Another Room.

ter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, ſweet Alexas, moſt any thing Alex-, almoſt moſt abſolute Alexas, where's the ſoothſayer ıat you praiſed ſo to the queen? O, that I knew this uſband, which, you ſay, muſt change his horns with ;arlands!

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, ſir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of ſecrecy

A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good ſir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his preſcience; be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.

Char. I'd rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry with Octavius Cæſar, and companion me with my miſtreſs.

Sooth. You ſhall outlive the lady whom you ſerve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have ſeen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

Sooth. If every of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertile every wiſh, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes, to-night, be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if not elſe.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus preſages fan

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſoothſ

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful proj tication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tel but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſh

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune r than I, where would you chooſe it?

Iras. Not in my huſband's noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts heavens mend! Alex me, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a man that cannot go, ſweet Iſis, I beſeech thee! An er die too, and give him a worſe! and let worſe fo worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to ave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Iſis, hear me yer, though thou deny me a matter of more wei ood Iſis, I beſeech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddeſs, hear that prayer of eople! for, as it is heart-breaking to ſee a handſ an looſe-wiv'd, ſo 'tis a deadly ſorrow to behold a knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Iſis, keep deco nd fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make

a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores but th
do't.

ENO. Huſh! here comes Antony.

CHAR. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

CLEO. Saw you my lord?

ENO. No, lady.

CLEO. Was he not here?

CHAR. No, madam.

CLEO. He was diſpos'd to mirth; but on the ſudd
A Roman thought hath ſtruck him.—Enobarbus,—

ENO. Madam.

CLEO. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Ale

ALEX. Here, madam, at your ſervice.—My lord
proaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a MESSENGER, and ATTENDANTS.

CLEO. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,*
CHARMIAN, SOOTHSAYER, and ATTENDA

MES. Fulvia thy wife firſt came into the field.

ANT. Againſt my brother Lucius?

MES. Ay:
But ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt C
Whoſe better iſſue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.

ANT. Well,
What worſt?

MES. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANT. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me.—'Tis th
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

hear him as he flatter'd.
Mes. Labienus
This is ſtiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Aſia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner ſhook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilſt——
Ant. Antony, thou would'ſt ſay,—
Mes. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phraſe; and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie ſtill; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.
Mes. At your noble pleaſure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there ſuch an one?
2 *Att.* He ſtays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.—
Theſe ſtrong Ægyptian fetters I muſt break,
Enter another Messenger.
Or loſe myſelf in dotage.—What are you?
2 *Mes.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died ſhe?
2 *Mes.* In Sicyon:
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.—
[*Exit Messenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wiſh it ours again; the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf: ſhe's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. What's your pleaſure, ſir?

ANT. I muſt with haſte from hence.

ENO. Why, then, we kill all our women: We ſee how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

ANT. I muſt be gone.

ENO. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die: It were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

ANT. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

ENO. Alack, ſir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears; they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhower of rain as well as Jove.

ANT. 'Would I had never ſeen her!

ENO. O, ſir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been bleſs'd withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, ſir, give the gods a thankful ſacrifice. When it pleaſeth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, here are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with conſolation; your old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs ſhe hath broached in the ſtate, Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſs you have broach'd here cannot be without you; eſpecially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light anſwers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break The cauſe of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæſar, and commands The empire of the ſea: our ſlippery people (Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver, Till his deſerts are paſt) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities,

Upon his ſon; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier: whoſe quality, going on,
The ſides o' the world may danger: Much is breedi
Which, like the courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Ex*

SCENE III. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IR *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he doe
I did not ſend you;—If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick: Quick, and return. [*Exit A*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him de
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in notl

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to loſe

Char. Tempt him not ſo too far: I wiſh, forbea
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſ

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now, my deareſt queen,—
Cleo. Pray you, ſtand further from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.
What ſays the married woman?—You may go;
Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods beſt know,—
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the firſt,
I ſaw the treaſons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in ſwearing ſhake the throned gods,
Who have been falſe to Fulvia? Riotous madneſs,
To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!
Ant. Moſt ſweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliſs in our brows' bent; none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt liar.
Ant. How now, lady!
Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou ſhould'ſt know,
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hear me, queen:
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices a while; but my full heart

Remains in uſe with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil ſwords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domeſtic powers
Breeds ſcrupulous faction: The hated, grown to ſtreng
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriv'd
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedo
It does from childiſhneſs:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy ſovereign leiſure, read
The garboils ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt:
See, when, and where ſhe died.

Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd ſhall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' ſlime, I go from hence,
Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;

ıd give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
ı honourable trial.
'LEO. So Fulvia told me.
r'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
en bid adieu to me, and ſay, the tears
ong to Egypt: Good now, play one ſcene
excellent diſſembling; and let it look
.e perfect honour.
ANT. You'll heat my blood; no more.
'LEO. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
ANT. Now, by my ſword,—
'LEO. And target,—Still he mends;
this is not the beſt: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
w this Herculean Roman does become
: carriage of his chafe.
ANT. I'll leave you, lady.
'LEO. Courteous lord, one word.
you and I muſt part,—but that's not it:
you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
ıt you know well: Something it is I would,—
my oblivion is a very Antony,
ıd I am all forgotten.
ANT. But that your royalty
ds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
idleneſs itſelf.
'LEO. 'Tis ſweating labour,
bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart
Cleopatra this. But, ſir, forgive me;
ce my becomings kill me, when they do not
: well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
:refore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
ıd all the gods go with you! upon your ſword
laurel'd victory! and ſmooth ſucceſs

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in* CÆSAR's .

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and Attenc*

Cæs. You may ſee, Lepidus, and henceforth k
It is not Cæſar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlik
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, o
Vouchſaf'd to think he had partners: You ſhall fin
A man, who is the abſtract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodneſs:
His faults, in him, ſeem as the ſpots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooſes.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it i
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to ſit

No way excuſe his ſoils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs,
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgement.

Enter a MESSENGER.

LEP. Here's more news.

MES. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble Cæſar, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is ſtrong at ſea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd Cæſar: to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

CÆS. I ſhould have known no leſs:—
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.

MES. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:

No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen; for Pompey's name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſels. When thou once
Waſt beaten from Modena, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and Panſa, conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer: Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at: thy palate then did dei
The rougheſt berry on the rudeſt hedge;
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now,)
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did ſhow ourſelves i' the field; and, to that end,
Aſſemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæſar,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To 'front this preſent time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewell. [

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you ſhall know i

Of ſtirs abroad, I ſhall beſeech you, ſir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, ſir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him
Too much.
Cleo. O, treaſon!
Char. Madam, I truſt, not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!
Mar. What's your highneſs' pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing; I take no pleaſure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Haſt thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?

O happy horſe, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horſe! for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt!
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my ſerpent of old Nile?*
For ſo he calls me; Now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæſar,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would ſtand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear queen,
He kiſs'd,—the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,—
This orient pearl;—His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Egypt ſends*
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the eaſt,
Say thou, *ſhall call her miſtreſs.* So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount a termagant ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke
Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he ſad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
f hot and cold; he was nor ſad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided diſpoſition!—Note him,
ote him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
e was not ſad; for he would ſhine on thoſe
hat make their looks by his: he was not merry;
/hich ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
i Egypt with his joy: but between both:
heavenly mingle!—Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
he violence of either thee becomes;
) does it no man elſe.—Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers:
/hy do you ſend ſo thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
/hen I forget to ſend to Antony,
ıall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
/elcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
ver love Cæſar ſo?
Char. O that brave Cæſar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
ıy, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæſar!
Cleo. By Iſis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
'hou with Cæſar paragon again
ly man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
ſing but after you.
Cleo. My ſallad days;
/hen I was green in judgement:—Cold in blood,
o ſay, as I ſaid then!—But, come, away:
et me ink and paper: he ſhall have every day
ſeveral greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Meſſina. *A Room in* POMPEY'S *Houſe.*
Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are ſuitors to their throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit,
By loſing of our prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My power's a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæſar gets money, where
He loſes hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæſar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.
Men. From Silvius, ſir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, ſoften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,

ep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks,
arpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
at ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
en till a Lethe'd dulneſs.—How now Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is moſt certain that I ſhall deliver:
ark Antony is every hour in Rome
pected; ſince he went from Egypt, 'tis
ſpace for further travel.

Pom. I could have given leſs matter
better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
his amorous ſurfeiter would have don'd his helm
r ſuch a petty war: his ſoldierſhip
twice the other twain: But let us rear
he higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
an from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
he ne'er luſt-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
æſar and Antony ſhall well greet together:
is wife, that's dead, did treſpaſſes to Cæſar;
is brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
ot mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
low leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'were pregnant they ſhould ſquare between themſelves;
or they have entertained cauſe enough
o draw their ſwords: but how the fear of us
ay cement their diviſions, and bind up
he petty difference, we yet not know.
e it as our gods will have it! It only ſtands
ur lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
ome, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. *A Room in the Houſe of* LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

LEP. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to entreat your captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.

ENO. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer like himſelf: if Cæſar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæſar's head,
And ſpeak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not ſhav't to-day.

LEP. 'Tis not a time
For private ſtomaching.

ENO. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

LEP. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.

ENO. Not if the ſmall come firſt.

LEP. Your ſpeech is paſſion:
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

ENO. And yonder, Cæſar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

ANT. If we compoſe well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

CÆS. I do not know,
Mecænas; aſk Agrippa.

LEP. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,)
Touch you the ſoureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, ſir!

Cæs. Nay,
Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I muſt be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended; and with you
Chiefly i'the world: more laugh'd at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæſar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my reſiding here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in Ægypt
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs; my brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from ſome true reports,
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? Of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It muſt not be with this.

Cæs. You praiſe yourſelf
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend thoſe wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſy, but not ſuch a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all ſuch wives, that the m
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæſar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: for that, you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,

[e fell upon me, ere admitted; then
hree kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
f what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
told him of myſelf; which was as much
s to have aſk'd him pardon: Let this fellow
e nothing of our ſtrife; if we contend,
ut of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
he article of your oath; which you ſhall never
lave tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæſar.

Ant. No,
epidus, let him ſpeak;
he honour's ſacred which he talks on now,
uppoſing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæſar;
he article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
he which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
nd then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
rom mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
ll play the penitent to you: but mine honeſty
ıall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Vork without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
o have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
or which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
) far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
o ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
he griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
'ere to remember that the preſent need
eaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoke, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. Thou art a ſoldier only; ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your conſiderate ſtone.

Cæs. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for it cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop ſhould hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæſar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not ſo, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not married, Cæſar: let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces, ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,

And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke;
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

ANT. Will Cæſar ſpeak?

CÆS. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.

ANT. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would ſay, *Agrippa, be it ſo,*
To make this good?

CÆS. The power of Cæſar, and
His power unto Octavia.

ANT. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!

CÆS. There is my hand.
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

LEP. Happily, amen!

ANT. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt Pompey;
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great,
Of late upon me: I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

LEP. Time calls upon us:

Of us muſt Pompey preſently be fought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Miſenum.

Ant. What's his ſtrength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increaſing: but by ſea
He is an abſolute maſter.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had ſpoke together! Haſte we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, deſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, ſir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæſar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are well digeſted. You ſtay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, ſir; we did ſleep day out of countenance and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved nothing.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare
› her.
Eno. When ſhe firſt met Mark Antony, ſhe purſed up
s heart, upon the river of Cydnus.
Agr. There ſhe appear'd indeed; or my reporter de-
s'd well for her.
Eno. I will tell you:
ıe barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
ırn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
ırple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
he winds were love-ſick with them: the oars were ſilver;
Vhich to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
he water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
s amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
beggar'd all deſcription: ſhe did lie
ı her pavillion, (cloth of gold, of tiſſue,)
'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee,
he fancy out-work nature: on each ſide her,
ood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
Vith diverſe-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
› glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
ıd what they undid, did.
Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
ıd made their bends adornings: at the helm
ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackle
vell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
ıat yarely frame the office. From the barge
ſtrange inviſible pérfume hits the ſenſe
the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
:r people out upon her; and Antony,
thron'd in the market-place, did ſit alone,

Whiſtling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæſar lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropp'd.
Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the public ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And, breathleſs, power breathe forth.
Mec. Now Antony muſt leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her; that the holy prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.
Mec. If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A bleſſed lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourſelf my gueſt,

Vhilſt you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, ſir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Room in CÆSAR'S *Houſe.*

nter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them; Attendants, and a* SOOTHSAYER.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
ivide me from your boſom.

Octa. All which time,
efore the gods my knee ſhall bow my prayers
o them for you.

Ant. Good night, ſir.—My Octavia,
ead not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
have not kept my ſquare; but that to come
hall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, ſir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Now, ſirrah! you do wiſh yourſelf in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
hither!

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. I ſee't in
ly motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
ie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Vhoſe fortunes ſhall riſe higher, Cæſar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæſar's.
herefore, O Antony, ſtay not by his ſide:
hy dæmon, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
oble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Vhere Cæſar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
ecomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
ake ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to loſe; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds; thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would ſpeak with him:—
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He ſhall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he ſpeeds:
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' the eaſt my pleaſure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You muſt to Parthia; your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. A Street.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourſelves no further: pray you, haſten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiſs Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldier's dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We ſhall,

I conceive the journey, be at mount
ore you, Lepidus.
LEP. Your way is ſhorter,
purpoſes do draw me much about;
u'll win two days upon me.
MEC. AGR. Sir, good ſucceſs!
LEP. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

nter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEO. Give me ſome muſick; muſick, moody food
us that trade in love.
ATTEND. The muſick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

CLEO. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
me, Charmian.
CHAR. My arm is ſore, beſt play with Mardian.
CLEO. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, ſir?
MAR. As well as I can, madam. [too ſhort,
CLEO. And when good will is ſhow'd, though it come
e actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
ve me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
y muſick playing far off, I will betray
wny-finn'd fiſhes; my bended hook ſhall pierce
heir ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
l think them every one an Antony,
nd ſay, Ah, ha! you're caught.
CHAR. 'Twas merry, when
ou wager'd on your angling; when your diver
id hang a ſalt-fiſh on his hook, which he
ith fervency drew up.
CLEO. That time!—O times!—

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a MESSENGER.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

MES. Madam, madam,—

CLEO. Antony's dead?—
If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:
But well and free,
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kiſſing.

MES. Firſt, madam, he's well. [We uſe

CLEO. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark;
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MES. Good madam, hear me.

CLEO. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodneſs in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? If not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.

MES. Will't pleaſe you hear me?

CLEO. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt:
Yet, if thou ſay, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

MES. Madam, he's well.
CLEO. Well ſaid.
MES. And friends with Cæſar.
CLEO. Thou'rt an honeſt man.
MES. Cæſar and he are greater friends than ever.
CLEO. Make thee a fortune from me.
MES. But yet, madam,—
CLEO. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
e good precedence; fye upon *but yet:*
t yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
me monſtrous malefactor. Pry'thee, friend,
ur out the pack of matter to mine ear,
ne good and bad together: He's friends with Cæſar;
ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and, thou ſay'ſt, free.
MES. Free, madam! no; I made no ſuch report:
e's bound unto Octavia.
CLEO. For what good turn?
MES. For the beſt turn i' the bed.
CLEO. I am pale, Charmian.
MES. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
CLEO. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
MES. Good madam, patience.
CLEO. What ſay you?—Hence, [*Strikes him again.*
orrible villain! or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
ike balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
hou ſhalt be whipp'd with wire and ſtew'd in brine,
narting in ling'ring pickle.
MES. Gracious madam,
that do bring the news, made not the match.
CLEO. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
nd make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadſt

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.

Mes. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long. [*Draws a dagger.*

Mes. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents!—Call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afeard to come,

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf; ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe.—Come hither, ſir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If thou again ſay, Yes.

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there [ſtill?

Mes. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didſt;
So half my Egypt were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! Go, get thee hence;

ıd'ſt thou Narciſſus in thy face, to me
ıou would'ſt appear moſt ugly. He is married?
Mes. I crave your highneſs' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
o puniſh me for what you make me do,
:ems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
hat art not!—What? thour't ſure of 't?—Get thee hence:
he merchandiſe, which thou haſt brought from Rome,
re all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
nd be undone by 'em. [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. Good your highneſs, patience.
Cleo. In praiſing Antony, I have diſprais'd Cæſar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo, I am paid for't now.
ad me from hence,
aint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
) to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
port the feature of Octavia, her years,
:r inclination, let him not leave out
ıe colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit Alexas:*
:t him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,
hough he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
'other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas [*To Mardian.*
ing me word, how tall ſhe is.—Pity me, Charmian,
ıt do not ſpeak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Near Miſenum.

ter Pompey, *and* Menas, *at one ſide, with drum and*

trumpet; at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with ſoldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent:
Which, if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.

Pom. To you all three,
The ſenators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father ſhould revengers want,
Having a ſon, and friends; ſince Julius Cæſar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Caſſius to conſpire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honeſt, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd reſt, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whoſe burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To ſcourge the ingratitude that deſpiteful Rome
Caſt on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, Pompey, with thy ſails;
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea: at land, thou know'ſt
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe:

nce the cuckoo builds not for himſelf,
n in't, as thou may'ſt.
. Be pleas'd to tell us,
ıis is from the preſent,) how you take
ffers we have ſent you.
. There's the point.
r. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
it is worth embrac'd.
. And what may follow,
a larger fortune.
. You have made me offer
ily, Sardinia; and I muſt
the ſea of pirates; then, to ſend
res of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
t with unhack'd edges, and bear back
rge undinted.
. *Ant. Lep.* That's our offer.
. Know then,
before you here, a man prepar'd
e this offer: But Mark Antony
e to ſome impatience:—Though I loſe
aiſe of it by telling, You muſt know,
Cæſar and your brothers were at blows,
nother came to Sicily, and did find
elcome friendly.
. I have heard it, Pompey;
m well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
ı I do owe you.
. Let me have your hand:
ıot think, ſir, to have met you here.
. The beds i' the eaſt are ſoft; and thanks to you,
all'd me, timelier than my purpoſe, hither;
ıave gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harſh fortune caſts upon my face;
But in my boſom ſhall ſhe never come,
To make my heart her vaſſal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope ſo, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our compoſition may be written,
And ſeal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feaſt each other, ere we part; and let u
Draw lots, who ſhall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, firſt,
Or laſt, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæſar
Grew fat with feaſting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, ſir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that:—He did ſo.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæſar in a mattreſs.
Pom. I know thee now; How far'ſt thou, ſoldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feaſts are toward.
Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

ENO. Sir,
ever lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
ıen you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
I have ſaid you did.
POM. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
nothing ill becomes thee.—
ıoard my galley I invite you all:
ll you lead, lords?
ÆS. ANT. LEP. Show us the way, ſir.
POM. Come.

[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

MEN. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made
; treaty.—[*aſide.*]—You and I have known, ſir.
ENO. At ſea, I think.
MEN. We have, ſir.
ENO. You have done well by water.
MEN. And you by land.
ENO. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me: though
cannot be denied what I have done by land.
MEN. Nor what I have done by water.
ENO. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafe-
: you have been a great thief by ſea.
MEN. And you by land.
ENO. There I deny my land ſervice. But give me
ıur hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they
ight take two thieves kiſſing.
MEN. All men's faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.
ENO. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.
MEN. No ſlander; they ſteal hearts.
ENO. We came hither to fight with you.
MEN. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drink-
g. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have ſaid, ſir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæſar's ſiſter is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, ſir; ſhe was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But ſhe is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, ſir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæſar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian diſh again: then ſhall the ſighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæſar; and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will uſe his affection where it is; he married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, ſir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, ſir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. On board POMPEY's *Galley, lying near* Miſenum.

Muſick. Enter two or three SERVANTS, *with a banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the leaſt wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, *no more;* reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

A ſennet ſounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, ſir: [*to* CÆSAR.] They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain ſcales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow: The higher Nilus ſwells,
The more it promiſes: as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You have ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your ſerpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun: ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sit,—and ſome wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramiſes are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, captain, [*Aſide.* And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhaped, ſir, like it ſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, elſe he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*to Menas aſide.*] Go, hang, ſir hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool. [*Aſide.*

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

[*riſes, and walks aſide.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: What's
e jolly, lords. [elſe to ſay?
Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, Lepidus,
eep off them, for you ſink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What ſay'ſt thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.
Pom. How ſhould that be?
Men. But entertain it, and,
lthough thou think me poor, I am the man
ill give thee all the world.
Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
hou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Jove:
Vhate'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips,
s thine, if thou wilt have 't.
Pom. Show me which way.
Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors,
re in thy veſſel: Let me cut the cable;
nd, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
ll there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou ſhould'ſt have done,
nd not have ſpoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;
n thee, it had been good ſervice. Thou muſt know,
Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
ut muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.
Men. For this, [*Aſide.*
ll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
ho ſeeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
hall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him aſhore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.
Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.
Men. Enobarbus, welcome.
Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off* Lepidus.
Men. Why?
Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; See'ſt not?
Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increaſe the reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feaſt.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the veſſels, ho!
Here is to Cæſar.
Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monſtrous labour, when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæs. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer: but I had rather faſt
From all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*to* Antony.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let's ha't good ſoldier.
Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath ſteep'd our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſick:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy ſhall ſing;

ılding every man ſhall bear, as loud
ſtrong ſides can volley.
[*Muſick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

S O N G.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.
Good brother,
e requeſt you off: our graver buſineſs
s at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
e we have burnt our cheeks: ſtrong Enobarbe
ker than the wine; and mine own tongue
what it ſpeaks: the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
t'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Antony, your hand.
r. I'll try you o' the ſhore.
r. And ſhall, ſir: give's your hand.
r. O, Antony,
ave my father's houſe,—But what? we are friends:
down into the boat.
). Take heed you fall not.—
[*Exeunt* POM. CÆS. ANT. *and Attendants.*
, I'll not on ſhore.
v. No, to my cabin.—
drums!—theſe trumpets, flutes! what!—
eptune hear we bid a loud farewell
eſe great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out.
[*A flouriſh of trumpets, with drums.*
ɔ. Ho, ſays 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!
Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *as after conqueſt, with* SILIUS, *and other* Roman *officers, and ſoldiers; the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Craſſus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's ſon's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Craſſus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilſt yet with Parthian blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; ſpur through Media,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly: ſo thy grand captain Antony
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we ſerve's away.
Cæſar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon: Soſſius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,

r's virtue, rather makes choice of loſs,
, which darkens him.
more to do Antonius good,
d offend him; and in his offence
r performance periſh.
ou haſt, Ventidius,
out which a ſoldier, and his ſword,
rce diſtinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
l humbly ſignify what in his name,
cal word of war, we have effected;
his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
yet-beaten horſe of Parthia
aded out o' the field.
ere is he now?
purpoſeth to Athens: whither with what haſte
it we muſt convey with us will permit,
ppear before him.—On, there; paſs along.
[*Exeunt.*

II. Rome. *An Antechamber in* CÆSAR's *Houſe.*
'er AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*
/hat, are the brothers parted?
hey have deſpatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
three are ſealing. Octavia weeps
om Rome: Cæſar is ſad; and Lepidus,
pey's feaſt, as Menas ſays, is troubled
green ſickneſs.
'is a noble Lepidus.
very fine one: O, how he loves Cæſar!
ay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
æſar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
/hat's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
pake you of Cæſar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird! [further.

Eno. Would you praiſe Cæſar, ſay,—Cæſar;—go no

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loves Cæſar beſt;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, ſcribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæſar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle. So,—
[*Trumpets.*
This is to horſe.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, ſir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myſelf;
Uſe me well in it.—Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furtheſt band
Shall paſs on thy approof.—Moſt noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſh'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

Cæs. I have ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
ıe elements be kind to thee, and make
ıy ſpirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Octa. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's ſpring,
nd theſe the ſhowers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and—
Cæs. What,
ſtavia?
Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
er heart inform her tongue: the ſwan's down feather,
hat ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
nd neither way inclines.
Eno. Will Cæſar weep? [*Aſide to* AGRIPPA.
Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe;
is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
hen Antony found Julius Cæſar dead,
e cried almoſt to roaring: and he wept,
hen at Philippi he found Brutus ſlain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
hat willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
lieve it, till I weep too.
Cæs. No, ſweet Octavia,
ıu ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
ıt-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, ſir, come;
wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love:
ok, here I have you; thus I let you go,
ıd give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*kiſſes Octavia.*
Ant. Farewell! [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, ſir.
Enter a Messenger.
Alex. Good majeſty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
Mes. Moſt gracious majeſty,—
Cleo. Didſt thou behold
Octavia?
Mes. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mes. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and ſaw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Mes. She is not, madam. [low?
Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? Is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, or
Mes. Madam, I heard her ſpeak; ſhe is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not ſo good:—he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? O Iſis! 'tis impoſſible.
Cleo. I think ſo, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
What majeſty is in her gait? Remember [dwarfiſh!-

If e'er thou look'ſt on majeſty.
Mes. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhows a body rather than a life;
A ſtatue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mes. Or I have no obſervance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mes. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.
Mes. And I do think, ſhe's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is it long or round?
Mes. Round even to faultineſs.
Cleo. For the moſt part too,
They are fooliſh that are ſo.—Her hair, what colour?
Mes. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low
As ſhe would wiſh it.
Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo: I repent me much,
That ſo I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. O, nothing, madam. [know.

Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould

Char. Hath he ſeen majeſty? Iſis elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long! [Charmian:—

Cleo. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good
But 'tis no matter; thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Athens. *A Room in Antony's Houſe.*

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excuſable, that, and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke ſcantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; and narrow meaſure lent me:
When the beſt hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth,

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts:
And the good gods will mock me preſently,
When I ſhall pray, *O, bleſs my lord and huſband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bleſs my brother! Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
: to preſerve it: If I loſe mine honour,
ſe myſelf: better I were not yours,
ın yours ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſted,
ırſelf ſhall go between us: The mean time, lady,
raiſe the preparation of a war
ll ſtain your brother; Make your ſooneſt haſte;
your deſires are yours.

)CTA. Thanks to my lord.
: Jove of power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,
ır reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
uld ſolder up the rift.

NT. When it appears to you where this begins,
n your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
ı never be ſo equal, that your love
ı equally move with them. Provide your going;
ooſe your own company, and command what coſt
ur heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

ENO. How now, friend Eros?

EROS. There's ſtrange news come, ſir.

ENO. What, man?

EROS. Cæſar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENO. This is old; What is the ſucceſs?

EROS. Cæſar, having made uſe of him in the wars
ınſt Pompey, preſently denied him rivality; would not
him partake in the glory of the action: and not reſt-
; here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote
Pompey; upon his own appeal, ſeizes him: So the
or third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou haſt a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and ſpurns
The ruſh that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæſar. More, Domitius;
My lord deſires you preſently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Rome. *A Room in* CÆSAR'S *Houſe.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal ſilver'd,
Cleopatra and himſelf in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, ſat
Cæſarion, whom they call my father's ſon;
And all the unlawful iſſue, that their luſt
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'ſtabliſhment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Abſolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' the common ſhow-place, where they exerciſe.
His ſons, he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he aſſign'd

ria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
. the habiliments of the goddeſs Iſis
hat day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
s 'tis reported, ſo.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
ıform'd.

Agr. Who, queaſy with his inſolence
lready, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
is accuſations.

Agr. Whom does he accuſe?

Cæs. Cæſar: and that, having in Sicily
:xtus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
is part o' the iſle: then does he ſay, he lent me
ıme ſhipping unreſtor'd: laſtly, he frets,
hat Lepidus of the triumvirate
ıould be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
ll his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the meſſenger gone.
ıave told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
ıat he his high authority abus'd,
ıd did deſerve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
nd other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
emand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Octa. Hail, Cæſar, and my lord! hail, moſt dear Cæſar!

Cæs. That ever I ſhould call thee, caſt-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

Cæs. Why have you ſtol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæſar's ſiſter: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The oſtent of our love, which, left unſhown
Is often left unlov'd: we ſhould have met you
By ſea, and land; ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.

Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath aſſembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:

King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger liſt of ſcepters.

Octa. Ah me, moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you juſtice, make them miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Beſt of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noiſes it againſt us.

Octa. Is it ſo, ſir?

Cæs. Moſt certain. Siſter, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My deareſt ſiſter! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. ANTONY's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt forſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce againſt us, why ſhould not
Be there in perſon?

Eno. [*Aſide.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together,
The horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear
A ſoldier, and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his tim
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it;
I will not ſtay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not ſtrange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brunduſium,
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian ſea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, ſweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men,
To taunt at ſlackneſs.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by ſea.
Cleo. By ſea! What elſe?
Can. Why will my lord do ſo?
Ant. For he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharſalia,
Where Cæſar fought with Pompey: But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his 'vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.
Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingroſs'd by ſwift impreſs; in Cæſar's fleet
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt Pompey fought:
Their ſhips are yare; yours, heavy. No diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By ſea, by ſea.
Eno. Moſt worthy ſir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance; and
Give up yourſelf merely to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.
Ant. I'll fight at ſea.
Cleo. I have ſixty ſails, Cæſar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn;
And, with the reſt full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæſar. But if we fail,

Enter a MESSENGER.

We then can do't at land.—Thy buſineſs?

MES. The news is true, my lord; he is deſcried;
Cæſar has taken Toryne.

ANT. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible;
Strange, that his power ſhould be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe:—We'll to our ſhip;

Enter a SOLDIER.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy ſoldier?

SOLD. O noble emperor, do not fight by ſea;
Truſt not to rotten planks: Do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

ANT. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

SOLD. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

CAN. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

SOLD. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

CAN. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſteius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of Cæſar's
Carries beyond belief.

SOLD. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions, as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

CAN. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

SOLD. They ſay, one Taurus.

ʒAN. Well I know the man.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. The emperor calls for Canidius. [forth,

ʒAN. With news the time's with labour; and throes
ch minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, *Officers, and Others.*

CÆS. Taurus,—

TAUR. My lord.

CÆS. Strike not by land; keep whole:
ovoke not battle, till we have done at ſea.
) not exceed the preſcript of this ſcroll:
r fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

ANT. Set we our ſquadrons on yon' ſide o' the hill,
eye of Cæſar's battle; from which place
: may the number of the ſhips behold,
d ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

'er CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way over*
he ſtage; and TAURUS, *the lieutenant of* Cæſar, *the other*
way. After their going in, is heard the noiſe of a ſea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
e Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, [longer:
ith all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter SCARUS.

SCAR. Gods, and goddeſſes,
l the whole ſynod of them!

ENO. What's thy paſſion?

SCAR. The greater cantle of the world is loſt
th very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away

Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,
Whom leproſy o'ertake! i' the midſt o' the fight,—
When 'vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did ſicken at the ſight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his ſea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſsly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed. [*Aſide.*

Can. Towards Peloponneſus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæſar will I render
My legions, and my horſe; ſix kings already

now me the way of yielding.

ENO. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* ATTENDANTS.

ANT. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither.
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever:—I have a ſhip
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæſar.

ATT. Fly! not we.

ANT. I have fled myſelf; and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhow their ſhoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treaſure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I bluſh to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of loathneſs: take the hint
Which my deſpair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itſelf: to the ſea ſide ſtraightway:
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, I have loſt command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll ſee you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, moſt dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what elſe?

Cleo. Let me ſit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, ſir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empreſs!—

Eros. Sir, ſir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His ſword even like a dancer; while I ſtruck
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo Ah, ſtand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, ſpeak to him;
He is unqualitied with very ſhame.

Cleo. Well then,—Suſtain me:—O!

Eros. Moſt noble ſir, ariſe; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her; but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither haſt thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
orgive my fearful fails! I little thought,
ou would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
ly heart was to thy rudder tied by the ſtrings,
nd thou ſhould'ſt tow me after: O'er my ſpirit
hy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
hy beck might from the bidding of the gods
ommand me.
Cleo. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
o the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
nd palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs; who
Vith half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
laking, and marring fortunes. You did know,
low much you were my conqueror; and that
ly ſword, made weak by my affection, would
)bey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. O pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
ll that is won and loſt: Give me a kiſs;
ven this repays me.—We ſent our ſchoolmaſter,
s he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:— [knows,
ome wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. Cæsar's Camp in Egypt.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, and Others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
now you him?
Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter:
n argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
e ſends ſo poor a pinion of his wing,

Which had ſuperfluous kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter AMBASSADOR *from* ANTONY.

Cæs. Approach, and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea.

Cæs. Be it ſo; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts; and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From Egypt drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit* AMBAS.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Deſpatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promiſe, [*to* THYREUS.
And in our name, what ſhe requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their beſt fortunes, ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we

/ill anſwer as a law.
Thyr. Cæſar, I go.
Cæs. Obſerve how Antony becomes his flaw;
nd what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
ı every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What ſhall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
ord of his reaſon. What although you fled
rom that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
righted each other? why ſhould he follow?
he itch of his affection ſhould not then
ave nick'd his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
he mered queſtion: 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
han was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
nd leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.
Enter ANTONY *with the* AMBASSADOR.
Ant. Is this his anſwer?
Amb. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen
hall then have courteſy, ſo ſhe will yield
Us up.
Amb. He ſays ſo.
Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæſar ſend this grizled head,

And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's; whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i' the command of Cæſar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Ambas.*

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæſar will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to the ſhow,
Againſt a ſworder.—I ſee, men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full Cæſar will
Anſwer his emptineſs!—Cæſar, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A meſſenger from Cæſar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, ſir.

Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, begin to ſquare. [*Aſide.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' the ſtory.

Enter THYREUS.

'LEO. Cæſar's will?

'HYR. Hear it apart.

'LEO. None but friends; ſay boldly.

'HYR. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

'NO. He needs as many, ſir, as Cæſar has;
needs not us. If Cæſar pleaſe, our maſter
ll leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
ıoſe he is, we are; and that's, Cæſar's.

'HYR. So.—
ıs then, thou moſt renown'd; Cæſar entreats,
: to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt,
ther than he is Cæſar.

'LEO. Go on: Right royal.

'HYR. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
you did love, but as you fear'd him.

'LEO. O!

'HYR. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
:s pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
: as deſerv'd.

'LEO. He is a god, and knows
ıat is moſt right: Mine honour was not yielded,
conquer'd merely.

'NO. To be ſure of that, [*Aſide.*
ill aſk Antony.—Sir, ſir, thou'rt ſo leaky,
ıt we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
r deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* ENOBARBUS.

'HYR. Shall I ſay to Cæſar
ıat you require of him? for he partly begs
be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
ıt of his fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaff
lean upon: but it would warm his ſpirits,
hear from me you had left Antony,

And put yourſelf under his ſhrowd,
The univerſal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar this, In diſputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe.
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæſar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd. [and devils

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now god
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *Ho!*
Like boys unto a muſs, kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,

an with an old one dying.
ANT. Moon and ſtars!
hip him:—Were't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
at do acknowledge Cæſar, ſhould I find them
ſaucy with the hand of ſhe here, (What's her name,
ce ſhe was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
l, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
d whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.
THYR. Mark Antony,—
ANT. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
ng him again:—This Jack of Cæſar's ſhall
r us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt ATT. with THYREUS.*
ı were half blaſted ere I knew you:—Ha!
ve I my pillow left unpreſs'd in Rome,
borne the getting of a lawful race,
d by a gem of women, to be abus'd
one that looks on feeders?
LEO. Good my lord,—
ANT. You have been a boggler ever:—
: when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
miſery on't!) the wiſe gods ſeel our eyes;
our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
ore our errors; laugh at us, while we ſtrut
our confuſion.
LEO. O, is it come to this?
ANT. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
d Cæſar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Cneius Pompey's; beſides what hotter hours,
egiſter'd in vulgar fame, you have
uriouſly pick'd out:—For, I am ſure,
ugh you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
ı know not what it is.
LEO. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Baſan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have ſavage cauſe;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, *with* THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did aſk favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow Cæſar in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæſar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou ſay,
He makes me angry with him: for he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time moſt eaſy 'tis to do't;
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abiſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence with thy ſtripes, begone. [*Exit* THYR

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poiſon it in the ſource; and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! The next Cæſarion ſmite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am ſatisfied.
Cæſar ſits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart?—Doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhall return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.
Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now, I'll ſet my teeth,

And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor; but, ſince my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars.—Come on, my queen;
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart: When valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with. I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and Others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my meſſenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to perſonal combat,
Cæſar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,

ugh at his challenge.
Mec. Cæſar muſt think,
hen one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
en to falling. Give him no breath, but now
ke boot of his diſtraction: Never anger
de good guard for itſelf.
Cæs. Let our beſt heads
ow, that to-morrow the laſt of many battles
e mean to fight:—Within our files there are
thoſe that ſerv'd Mark Antony but late,
ough to fetch him in. See it be done;
d feaſt the army: we have ſtore to do't,
d they have earn'd the waſte. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and Others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
e is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, ſoldier,
y ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
r bathe my dying honour in the blood
all make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll ſtrike; and cry, *Take all.*
Ant. Well ſaid; come on.—
all forth my houſehold ſervants; let's to-night

Enter SERVANTS.

: bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
hou haſt been rightly honeſt;—ſo haſt thou;— [well,
d thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have ſerv'd me

And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks, which ſorrow ſ
[.
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honeſt too.
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.
Serv. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-nigl
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,
A mangled ſhadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods yield you for't!
Eno. What mean you, ſir,
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

: grow where thoſe drops fall! My hearty friends,
ake me in too dolorous a ſenſe:
:e to you for your comfort: did deſire you
ırn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
e well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
'e rather I'll expect victorious life,
death and honour. Let's to ſupper; come,
drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter two SOLDIERS, *to their guard.*

'OLD. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
'OLD. It will determine one way: fare you well.
l you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
'OLD. Nothing: What news?
'OLD. Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
night to you.
'OLD. Well, ſir, good night.

Enter two other SOLDIERS.

'OLD. Soldiers,
careful watch.
'OLD. And you: Good night, good night.

[*The firſt two place themſelves at their poſts.*

SOLD. Here we: [*They take their poſts.*] and if to-mor-
navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope [row
landmen will ſtand up.
SOLD. 'Tis a brave army,
full of purpoſe. [*Muſick of hautboys under the ſtage.*
SOLD. Peace, what noiſe?
SOLD. Liſt, liſt!
SOLD. Hark!
SOLD. Muſick i' the air.
SOLD. Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It ſigns well,
Does it not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I ſay. What ſhould this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk; let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another poſt.*
2 *Sold.* How now, maſters?
Sold. How now?
How now? do you hear this? [*Several ſpeaking together.*
1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not ſtrange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter;
Let's ſee how't will give off.
Sold. [*Several ſpeaking.*] Content: 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, *and Others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, *with armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—Falſe, falſe; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it muſt be.
Ant. Well, well;

We ſhall thrive now.—Seeſt thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, ſir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.—
Thou fumbleſt, Eros; and my queen's a ſquire
More tight at this, than thou: Deſpatch.—O love,
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation! thou ſhould'ſt ſee

Enter an Officer, *armed.*

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love, we riſe betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 *Off.* A thouſand, ſir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets. Flouriſh.*

Enter other Officers, *and Soldiers.*

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, ſo; come, give me that: this way; well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukable, [*kiſſes her.*
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt Ant. Eros, Officers, and* Soldiers.

Char. Pleaſe you, retire to your chamber?
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæſar might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. 'Would, thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Had'ſt thou done ſo,
The kings that have revolted, and the ſoldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from Cæſar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*
Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæſar.
Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Moſt certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, ſend his treaſure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a maſter.—O, my fortunes have

Corrupted honeſt men :—Eros, deſpatch. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. CÆSAR's Camp before Alexandria.

Flouriſh. Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and Others.*

CÆS. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it ſo known.

AGR. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* AGRIPPA.

CÆS. The time of univerſal peace is near:
Prove this a proſperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. Antony
Is come into the field.

CÆS. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.*

ENO. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did perſuade
Great Herod to incline himſelf to Cæſar,
And leave his maſter Antony: for this pains,
Cæſar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the reſt
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a SOLDIER *of* CÆSAR's.

SOLD. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure, with
His bounty overplus: The meſſenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,

Continues ſtill a Jove. [*Exit*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am ſo moſt. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'ſt thou have
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This blows my
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall outſtrike thought: but thought will do't,
I fight againſt thee!—No: I will go ſeek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life.

SCENE VII. Field of Battle between the Ca
Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIP
Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourſelves too f
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *wou*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought in
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had driven them h
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter EROS.

ıs. They are beaten, ſir; and our advantage ſerves
fair victory.

R. Let us ſcore their backs,
natch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
ıort to maul a runner.

r. I will reward thee
for thy ſpritely comfort, and ten-fold
ıy good valour. Come thee on.

R. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of* Alexandria.

n. *Enter* ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

r. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
et the queen know of our gueſts.—To-morrow,
: the ſun ſhall ſee us, we'll ſpill the blood
has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
oughty-handed are you; and have fought
s you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as it had been
man's like mine; you have ſhown all Hectors.
the city, clip your wives, your friends,
hem your feats; whilſt they with joyful tears
the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
ıonour'd gaſhes whole.—Give me thy hand;

[*To* SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

is great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
her thanks bleſs thee.—O thou day o' the world,
mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
ıgh proof of harneſs to my heart, and there
on the pants triúmphing.

ro. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale, [gr
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? thou
Do ſomething mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiſs it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Deſtroy'd in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold: it was a king's.
Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march:
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we all would ſup together;
And drink carouſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together
Applauding our approach. [*Exeun*

SCENE IX. Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their poſt. Enter Enobarbus.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to the court of guard: The night
Is ſhiny; and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By the ſecond hour i' the morn.
2 *Sold.* This laſt day was

A ſhrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witneſs, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand cloſe, and liſt to him.

Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;
Hark further.

Eno. O ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*dies.*

2 *Sold.* Let's ſpeak
To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern Cæſar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do ſo. But he ſleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleeping.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, ſir; ſpeak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, ſir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. Hark the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely wake the ſleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X. Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by ſea;
We pleaſe them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall ſtay with us: order for ſea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take't, we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine does ſtand,
I ſhall diſcover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's ſails their neſts: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly

ıd dare not ſpeak their knowledge. Antony
valiant, and dejected; and, by ſtarts,
s fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a ſea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

ANT. All is loſt;
is foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
r fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
ey caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
ıe friends long loſt.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
ſt ſold me to this novice; and my heart
kes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
ıve done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone. [*Exit* SCARUS.
ün, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
tune and Antony part here; even here
we ſhake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
ıt ſpaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
ir wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
bloſſoming Cæſar; and this pine is bark'd,
ıt overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
ıis falſe ſoul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
oſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
oſe boſom was my crownet, my chief end,
e a right gipſy, hath, at faſt and looſe,
uil'd me to the very heart of loſs.—
ıat, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

, thou ſpell! Avaunt.
'LEO. Why is my lord enrag'd againſt his love?
NT. Vaniſh; or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
l blemiſh Cæſar's triumph. Let him take thee,

And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex; moſt monſter-like, be ſhown
For poor'ſt diminutives, to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well tho
gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The ſhirt of Neſſus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with thoſe hands, that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;
To the Roman boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under this plot: ſhe dies for't.—Eros, ho! [E

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDI.

CLEO. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his ſhield; the boar of Theſſaly
Was never ſo emboſs'd.

CHAR. To the monument;
There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you are dea
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.

CLEO. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Ex*

SCENE XII. The ſame. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

ANT. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me?

EROS. Ay, noble lord.

ANT. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
forked mountain, or blue promontory
ith trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
nd mock our eyes with air: Thou haſt ſeen theſe ſigns;
ey are black veſper's pageants.

EROS. Ay, my lord.

ANT. That, which is now a horſe, even with a thought,
e rack diſlimns; and makes it indiſtinct,
water is in water.

EROS. It does, my lord.

ANT. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
en ſuch a body: here I am Antony;
t cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
made theſe wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
hoſe heart, I thought, I had, for ſhe had mine;
hich, whilſt it was mine, had annex'd unto't
million more, now loſt,—ſhe, Eros, has
ack'd cards with Cæſar, and falſe play'd my glory
nto an enemy's triumph.—
ay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
urſelves to end ourſelves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

e has robb'd me of my ſword.

MAR. No, Antony;
y miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
ith thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, ſaucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and ſhall die the death.
Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once;
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd: What thou would'ſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, Antony! moſt noble Antony!
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: ſhe render'd life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Eros, unarm; the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep:—That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit* MARDIAN.
The ſeven-fold ſhield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a ſoldier:—Bruiſed pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit* EROS.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and ſtray no further; Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength: Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſpritely port make the ghoſts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas ſhall want troops,

ıd all the haunt but ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
ıave liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
:teſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
ıarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
ith ſhips made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
ıe courage of a woman; leſs noble mind
han ſhe, which, by her death, our Cæſar tells,
am conqueror of myſelf. Thou art ſworn, Eros,
hat, when the exigent ſhould come, (which now
come, indeed,) when I ſhould ſee behind me
he inevitable proſecution of
)iſgrace and horror, that, on my command,
hou then would'ſt kill me: do't; the time is come:
hou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis Cæſar thou defeat'ſt.
ut colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
ıall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
hough enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Vould'ſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
hy maſter thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
is corrigible neck, his face ſubdued
o penetrative ſhame; whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
f fortunate Cæſar, drawn before him, branded
is baſeneſs that enſued?

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd,
raw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
loſt uſeful for thy country.

Eros. O, ſir, pardon me.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike no

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: [*Falls on his sword.*] T
escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on h*

have begun.
). The ſtar is fallen.
). And time is at his period.
las, and woe!
et him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.
). Not I.
). Nor I.
). Nor any one. [*Exeunt* GUARD.
hy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
d but ſhown to Cæſar, with this tidings,
r me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

here's Antony?
here, Diomed, there.
ves he?
not anſwer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.
rt thou there, Diomed? Draw thy ſword, and
ſtrokes for death. [give me
oſt abſolute lord,
ſs Cleopatra ſent me to thee.
When did ſhe ſend thee?
ow, my lord.
Where is ſhe? [fear
ck'd in her monument. She had a propheſying
ath come to paſs: for when ſhe ſaw
ever ſhall be found,) you did ſuſpect
iſpos'd with Cæſar, and that your rage
t be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead;
ng ſince how it might work, hath ſent
claim the truth; and I am come,
o late.
Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter ſome of the GUARD.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe are we, ſir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Moſt heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY.

SCENE XIII. The ſame. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other ſide your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

Cleo. O thou ſun,
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!—darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o' the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

ANT. Peace:
Not Cæſar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itſelf.

CLEO. So it ſhould be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis ſo!

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.—

CLEO. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Leſt I be taken: not the imperious ſhow
Of the full-fortun'd Cæſar ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modeſt eyes,
And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we muſt draw thee up;—
Aſſiſt, good friends.

ANT. O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEO. Here's ſport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The ſtrong-wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by Jove's ſide. Yet come a little,—
Wiſhers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou haſt liv'd:
Quicken with kiſſing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy ſight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeak; and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe houſewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, ſweet queen:
Of Cæſar ſeek your honour, with your ſafety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæſar truſt, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt;
None about Cæſar.

Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts,
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greateſt prince o' the world,
The nobleſt: and do now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more. [*di*

Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye?—O, ſee, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faint*

Char. O, quietneſs, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our ſovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,——

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empreſs!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares.—It were for me
To throw my ſcepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had ſtolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is ſottiſh; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out:—Good ſirs, take heart:—
[*to the guard below.*
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.

[*Exeunt; thoſe above bearing off* ANTONY's *body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. CÆSAR's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauſes that he makes.
Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* DOLABELLA.

Enter DERCETAS, *with the ſword of* ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd: whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter; and I wore my life,
To ſpend upon his haters: If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæſar; if thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Der. I ſay, O Cæſar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack: The round world ſhould have ſhook
Lions into civil ſtreets,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a ſingle doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæſar;
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.
Cæs. Look you ſad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings

vaſh the eyes of kings.
GR. And ſtrange it is,
t nature muſt compel us to lament
moſt perfiſted deeds.
EC. His taints and honours
ged equal with him.
GR. A rarer ſpirit never
ſteer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
e faults to make us men. Cæſar is touch'd.
EC. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
ieeds muſt ſee himſelf.
ES. O Antony!
ve follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
aſes in our bodies: I muſt perforce
e ſhown to thee ſuch a declining day,
ook on thine; we could not ſtall together
ie whole world: But yet let me lament,
h tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
t thou, my brother, my competitor
op of all deſign, my mate in empire,
nd and companion in the front of war,
arm of mine own body, and the heart
ere mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our ſtars,
econciliable, ſhould divide
equalneſs to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon;

Enter a MESSENGER.

buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
ll hear him what he ſays.—Whence are you?
ES. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my miſtreſs,
in'd in all ſhe has, her monument,
ıy intents deſires inſtruction;
: ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf

To the way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæſar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mes. So the gods preſerve thee! [*Ex*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt, in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your ſpeedieſt, bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* PROCULEIU

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To ſecond Proculeius? [*Exit* GALLU

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings: Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhow in this. [*Exeu*

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæſar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will; And it is great

do that thing that ends all other deeds;
ich ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
ich ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
: beggar's nurſe and Cæſar's.

Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

'RO. Cæſar ſends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
l bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
)u mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
'LEO. [*Within.*] What's thy name?
'RO. My name is Proculeius.
'LEO. [*Within.*] Antony
l tell me of you, bade me truſt you; but
) not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
ıt have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
)uld have a queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
ıt majeſty, to keep decorum, muſt
leſs beg than a kingdom: if he pleaſe
give me conquer'd Egypt for my ſon,
gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
ll kneel to him with thanks.
'RO. Be of good cheer;
ı are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
ke your full reference freely to my lord,
ıo is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
all that need: Let me report to him
ır ſweet dependancy; and you ſhall find
:onqueror, that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
ıere he for grace is kneel'd to.
'LEO. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
n his fortune's vaſſal, and I ſend him
: greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
loctrine of obedience; and would gladly

Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd;

Here Proculeius, *and two of the guard, aſcend the* ument *by a ladder placed againſt a window, and b* ing *deſcended, come behind* Cleopatra. *Some of guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæſar come.

[*to* Proculeius *and the guard. Exit* Gall

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*drawing a dagg*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*ſeizes and diſarms h*
Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languiſh?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
The undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, ſir;
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither: This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do Cæſar what he can. Know, ſir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court;

nce be cháſtis'd with the ſober eye
ll Octavia. Shall they hoiſt me up,
how me to the ſhouting varletry
ıſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
ntle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
ıe ſtark naked, and let the water-flies
me into abhorring! rather make
›untry's high pyramides my gibbet,
ıang me up in chains!
›. You do extend
thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
cauſe in Cæſar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

L. Proculeius,
thou haſt done thy maſter Cæſar knows,
ıe hath ſent for thee: as for the queen,
ɛe her to my guard.
›. So, Dolabella,
ll content me beſt: be gentle to her.—
ɛſar I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe, [*to* CLEOPATRA.
ı'll employ me to him.
ɛO. Say, I would die. [*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS, *and Soldiers.*
L. Moſt noble empreſs, you have heard of me?
ɛO. I cannot tell.
L. Aſſuredly, you know me.
ɛO. No matter, ſir, what I have heard, or known.
laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
ot your trick?
›L. I underſtand not, madam.
ɛO. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
ch another ſleep, that I might ſee
ıch another man!
›L. If it might pleaſe you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein ſtuck
A ſun, and moon; which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Creſted the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned ſpheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and ſhake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bouuty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they ſhow'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and iſlands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, ſuch a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one ſuch,
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuff
To vie ſtrange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainſt fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loſs is as yourſelf, great; and you bear it
As anſwering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, ſir.
Know you, what Cæſar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.
Within. Make way there,—Cæſar.
Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas, Seleucus, and Attendants.
Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?
Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*
Cæs. Ariſe,
You ſhall not kneel:——
I pray you, riſe; riſe, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole ſir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well
To make it clear; but do confeſs, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourſelf to our intents,
(Which towards you are moſt gentle,) you ſhall find
A benefit in this change; but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave. [we

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and
Your 'ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You ſhall adviſe me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am poſſeſs'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.——Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treaſurer; let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To myſelf nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather ſeel my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, bluſh not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæſar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O ſlave, of no more truſt [ſhalt
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goeſt thou back? thou
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog!
O rarely baſe!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæſar, what a wounding ſhame is this;

That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo meek, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæſar,
That I ſome lady trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; muſt I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; [*To* SELEUC.
Or I ſhall ſhow the cinders of my ſpirits
Through the aſhes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.

CÆS. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit* SELEUCUS.

CLEO. Be it known, that we, the greateſt, are mis-
For things that others do; and, when we fall, [thought
We anſwer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

CÆS. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conqueſt: ſtill be it yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure; and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your priſons: no, dear queen;
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel. Feed, and ſleep:
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And ſo adieu.

CLEO. My maiter, and my lord!

Cæs. Not ſo: Adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I ſhould
Be noble to myſelf: but hark thee, Charmian. [not
[*Whiſpers Charmian.*

Iras. Finiſh, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haſte.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, ſir. [*Exit Charmian.*

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæſar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this: I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good queen; I muſt attend on Cæſar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dola.*] Now, Iras, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, ſhalt be ſhown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

IRAS. The gods forbid!

CLEO. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like ſtrumpets; and ſcald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking Cleopatra boy my greatneſs
I' the poſture of a whore.

IRAS. O the good gods!

CLEO. Nay, that is certain.

IRAS. I'll never ſee it; for, I am ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

CLEO. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My beſt attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll deſpatch indeed:
And, when thou haſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noiſe? [*Exit IRAS. A noiſe within.*

Enter one of the GUARD.

GUARD. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.

CLEO. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument
[*Exit GUARD.*
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot

I am marble-conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter GUARD, *with a* CLOWN *bringing a baſket.*

GUARD. This is the man.

CLEO. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* GUARD

Haſt thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN. Truly I have him: but I would not be th party that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his bitin is immortal; thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or nev recover.

CLEO. Remember'ſt thou any that have died on't?

CLOWN. Very many, men and women too. I hea of one of them no longer than yeſterday: a very hone woman, but ſomething given to lie; as a woman ſhou not do, but in the way of honeſty: how ſhe died of t biting of it, what pain ſhe felt,—Truly, ſhe makes very good report o' the worm: But he that will belie all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that th do: But this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm

CLEO. Get thee hence; farewell.

CLOWN. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

CLEO. Farewell. [CLOWN *ſets down the baſk*

CLOWN. You muſt think this, look you, that the wor will do his kind.

CLEO. Ay, ay; farewell.

CLOWN. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted, b in the keeping of wiſe people; for, indeed, there is goodneſs in the worm.

CLEO. Take thou no care; it ſhall be heeded.

CLOWN. Very good; give it nothing, I pray you, f it is not worth the feeding.

CLEO. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whoreſon devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forſooth; I wiſh you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Iras, *with a robe, crown,* &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape ſhall moiſt this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæſar, which the gods give men
To excuſe their after wrath: Huſband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kiſſes them.* Iras *falls and dies.*

Have I the aſpick in my lips? Doſt fall?
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her; and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, mortal wretch,
[*To the aſp, which ſhe applies to her breaſt.*
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and deſpatch. O, could'ſt thou ſpeak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæſar, aſs
Unpolicied!

Char. O eaſtern ſtar!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another aſp to her arm.*
What, ſhould I ſtay—— [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boaſt thee, death! in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd.—Downy windows, cloſe;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæſar hath ſent—

Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger. [*Applies the aſp.*
O, come; apace, deſpatch: I partly feel thee. [guil'd.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæſar's be-

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella ſent from Cæſar;—call him. [done?

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princeſs
eſcended of ſo many royal kings.
h, ſoldier! [*Dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead.
Dol. Cæſar, thy thoughts
ouch their effects in this: Thyſelf art coming
o ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
ſought'ſt to hinder.
Within. A way there, way for Cæſar!

Enter Cæsar, *and Attendants.*

Dol. O, ſir, you are too ſure an augurer;
hat you did fear, is done.
Cæs. Brav'ſt at the laſt:
e levell'd at our purpoſes, and, being royal,
ook her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
do not ſee them bleed.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs;
his was his baſket.
Cæs. Poiſon'd then.
1 *Guard.* O Cæſar,
his Charmian liv'd but now; ſhe ſtood, and ſpake:
found her trimming up the diadem
n her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
nd on the ſudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakneſs!—
they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
external ſwelling: but ſhe looks like ſleep,
ſhe would catch another Antony
her ſtrong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breaſt,

There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail: and theſe fig-le
Have ſlime upon them, ſuch as the aſpick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe died; for her phyſician tells me,
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:
She ſhall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhow, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeu*

CYMBELINE.

Perſons repreſented.

Cymbeline, *King of* Britain.
Cloten, *ſon to the* Queen, *by a former huſband.*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a gentleman, huſband to* Imogen.
Belarius, *a baniſhed lord, diſguiſed under the name of* Morgan.
Guiderius, } *diſguiſed under the names of* Polydore and
Arviragus, } Cadwal, *ſuppoſed ſons to* Belarius.
Philario, *friend to* Poſthumus, } Italians.
Iachimo, *friend to* Philario, }
A French *Gentleman, friend to* Philario.
Caius Lucius, *General of the* Roman *forces.*
A Roman *Captain. Two* Britiſh *Captains.*
Piſanio, *ſervant to* Poſthumus.
Cornelius, *a Phyſician.*
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, *wife to* Cymbeline.
Imogen, *daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former queen.*
Helen, *woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, Soothſayer, a* Dutch *Gentleman, a* Spaniſh *Gentleman Muſicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, ſometimes in Britain; *ſometimes in* Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. *The Garden behind* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1 GENT. You donot meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
o more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
ill ſeem, as does the king's.
2 GENT. But what's the matter? [whom
1 GENT. His daughter. and the heir of his kingdom,
e purpos'd to his wife's ſole ſon, (a widow,
at late he married) hath referr'd herſelf
ito a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded;
r huſband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd: all
outward ſorrow; though, I think, the king
touch'd at very heart.
2 GENT. None but the king?
1 GENT. He, that hath loſt her, too: ſo is the queen,
at moſt deſir'd the match: But not a courtier,
though they wear their faces to the bent
the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
ad at the thing they ſcowl at.
2 GENT. And why ſo?
1 GENT. He that hath miſs'd the princeſs, is a thing

Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore baniſh'd,) is a creature ſuch
As, to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You ſpeak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, ſir, within himſelf;
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Againſt the Romans, with Caſſibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their ſwords in hand; for which, their fath
(Then old and fond of iſſue,) took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Poſthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſter'd; and
In his ſpring became a harveſt: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd:

ſample to the youngeſt; to the more mature,
glaſs that feated them; and to the graver,
child that guided dotards: to his miſtreſs,
r whom he now is baniſh'd,—her own price
)claims how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue;
her election may be truly read,
ıat kind of man he is.
ı GENT. I honour him
:n out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
he ſole child to the king?
ı GENT. His only child.
had two ſons, (if this be worth your hearing,
rk it,) the eldeſt of them at three years old,
he ſwathing clothes the other, from their nurſery
:re ſtolen; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
ıich way they went.
ı GENT. How long is this ago?
GENT. Some twenty years.
ı GENT. That a king's children ſhould be ſo convey'd!
ſlackly guarded! And the ſearch ſo ſlow,
ıt could not trace them!
GENT. Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
is it true, ſir.
ı GENT. I do well believe you.
GENT. We muſt forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
: queen, and princeſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

)UEEN. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daughter,
er the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
l-ey'd unto you: you are my priſoner, but

Your gaoler ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock up your reſtraint. For you, Poſthumus,
So ſoon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his ſentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.

Post. Pleaſe your highneſs,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeak together.

[*Exit Queen.*

Imo. O
Diſſembling courteſy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds!—My deareſt huſband,
I ſomething fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reſerv'd my holy duty,) what
His rage can do on me: You muſt be gone;
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may ſee again.

Post. My queen! my miſtreſs!
O, lady, weep no more; leſt I give cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſs
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'ſt huſband that did e'er plight troth.
My reſidence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,

'hough ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
: the king come, I ſhall incur I know not
low much of his diſpleaſure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aſide.*
'o walk this way: I never do him wrong,
ut he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
'ays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathneſs to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, ſtay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourſelf,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While ſenſe can keep it on! And ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you: For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this faireſt priſoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O, the gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

Enter CYMBELINE, *and* Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid! hence, from my ſight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dieſt: Away!
Thou art poiſon to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bleſs the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [E
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.
Cym. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth; thou heapeſt
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beſeech you, ſir,
Harm not yourſelf with your vexation; I
Am ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grac
Cym. That mightſt have had the ſole ſon of my que
Imo. O bleſs'd, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. [thr
Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made
A ſeat for baſeneſs.
Imo. No; I rather added
A luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Poſthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.
Cym. What!—art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt, ſir: Heaven reſtore me!—Would I w
A neatherd's daughter! and my Leonatus

ur neighbour ſhepherd's ſon!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing!
hey were again together: you have done [*To the* QUEEN.
ot after our command. Away with her,
nd pen her up.

Queen. 'Beſeech your patience:—Peace,
ear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet ſovereign,
eave us to ourſelves; and make yourſelf ſome comfort
ut of your beſt advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languiſh
drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
ie of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you muſt give way:
ere is your ſervant.—How now, ſir? What news?

Pis. My lord your ſon drew on my maſter.

Queen. Ha!
o harm, I truſt, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
ut that my maſter rather play'd than fought,
nd had no help of anger: they were parted
y gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
o draw upon an exile!—O brave ſir!—
would they were in Africk both together;
yſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
he goer back.—Why came you from your maſter?

Pis. On his command: He would not ſuffer me
o bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
f what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
hen it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.

Pis. I humbly thank your highneſs.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About ſome half hour hence,
I pray you, ſpeak with me: you ſhall, at leaſt,
Go ſee my lord aboard: for this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A publick Place.

Enter Cloten *and two* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholeſome as that you vent.

Clo. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it—Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not ſo much as his patience. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carcaſs, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt; it went the backſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clo. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward ſtill, toward your face. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you ſome ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had meaſured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clo. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe ne!

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe is lamn'd. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her rain go not together: She's a good ſign, but I have een ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection hould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been ſome hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o' the haven,
And queſtion'dſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is. What was the laſt
That he ſpake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiſs'd it, madam.

Imo. Senſeleſs linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for ſo long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of his mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, ſo I did. [them, but

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crack'd
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Piſanio,
When ſhall we hear from him?

Pis. Be aſſur'd, madam,
With his next 'vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear
The ſhes of Italy ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with oriſons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a LADY.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Deſires your highneſs' company.

Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them deſpatch'd.—
will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Rome. *An apartment in* PHILARIO'S *Houſe.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* FRENCHMAN, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, ſir: I have ſeen him in Britain: he was then of a creſcent note; expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by items.

Phi. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he muſt be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment:——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of thoſe, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which elſe an eaſy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were ſoldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life:——

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be ſo entertained

amongſt you, as ſuits, with gentlemen of your knowing to a ſtranger of his quality.—I beſeech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, ſir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgement, (if I offend not to ſay it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch too, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, aſk what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our country miſtreſſes: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſte, conſtant-qualified, and leſs attemptible, than any the rareſt of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

POST. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.
IACH. You muſt not ſo far prefer her 'fore ours of y.
POST. Being ſo far provoked as I was in France, I would te her nothing; though I profeſs myſelf her adorer, her friend.
IACH. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand nparifon,) had been ſomething too fair, and too good, any lady in Britany. If ſhe went before others I have n, as that diamond of yours outluſtres many I have ield, I could not but believe ſhe excell'd many: but ave not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor the lady.
POST. I prais'd her, as I rated her: ſo do I my ſtone.
IACH. What do you eſteem it at?
POST. More than the world enjoys.
IACH. Either your unparagon'd miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's prized by a trifle.
POST. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſold, or gi- n; if there were wealth enough for the purchaſe, or rit for the gift: the other is not a thing for ſale, and ly the gift of the gods.
IACH. Which the gods have given you?
POST. Which, by their graces, I will keep.
IACH. You may wear her in title yours: but, you ow, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your g may be ſtolen too: ſo, of your brace of unprizeable imations, the one is but frail, and the other caſual; a nning thief, or a that-way-accompliſh'd courtier, would ard the winning both of firſt and laſt.
POST. Your Italy contains none ſo accompliſh'd a cour- r, to convince the honour of my miſtreſs; if, in the lding or loſs of that, you term her frail. I do nothing

doubt, you have ſtore of thieves; notwithſtanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy ſignior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair miſtreſs: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it ſomething: But I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal abuſed in too bold a perſuaſion; and I doubt not you ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſt. A repulſe: Though your attempt, as you call it, deſerve more; a puniſhment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too ſuddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my eſtate, and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What lady would you chooſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; whom in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond

conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerved.

Poſt. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiſer. If you buy ladies' fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting: But, I ſee, you have ſome religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my ſpeeches; and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſt. Will you?—I ſhall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are yours; ſo is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you ſhall anſwer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate: if ſhe remain unſeduced, (you not making it appear otherwiſe,) for your ill opinion, and the aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

IACH. Your hand; a covenant: We will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for Britain; leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

POST. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* IACHIMO.

FRENCH. Will this hold, think you?

PHI. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Britain. *A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, LADIES, *and* CORNELIUS.

QUEEN. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather thoſe flowers; Make haſte: Who has the note of them?

1 *LADY.* I madam.

QUEEN. Deſpatch.—— [*Exeunt* LADIES.

Now, maſter doctor; have you brought thoſe drugs?

COR. Pleaſeth your highneſs, ay: here they are, madam: [*Preſenting a ſmall box.*

But I beſeech your grace, (without offence; My conſcience bids me aſk;) wherefore you have Commanded of me theſe moſt poiſonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languiſhing death; But, though ſlow, deadly.

QUEEN. I do wonder, doctor, Thou aſk'ſt me ſuch a queſtion: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Haſt thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? diſtill? preſerve? yea, ſo, That our great king himſelf doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, (Unleſs thou think'ſt me deviliſh,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgement in Other concluſions? I will try the forces Of theſe thy compounds on ſuch creatures as

count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
try the vigour of them, and apply
ayments to their act; and by them gather
ir ſeveral virtues, and effects.
OR. Your highneſs
ll from this practice but make hard your heart:
des, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
h noiſome and infectious.
UEEN. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

e comes a flattering raſcal; upon him [*Aſide.*
ll I firſt work: he's for his maſter,
d enemy to my ſon.—How now, Piſanio?—
ctor, your ſervice for this time is ended;
e your own way.
OR. I do ſuſpect you, madam;
you ſhall do no harm. [*Aſide.*
UEEN. Hark thee, a word.— [*To* PISANIO.
OR. [*Aſide.*] I do not like her. She doth think, ſhe has
nge lingering poiſons: I do know her ſpirit,
d will not truſt one of her malice with
drug of ſuch damn'd nature: Thoſe, ſhe has,
ll ſtupify and dull the ſenſe a while:
ich firſt, perchance, ſhe'll prove on cats, and dogs;
en afterwards up higher: but there is
danger in what ſhow of death it makes,
re than the locking up the ſpirits a time,
be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
th a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
to be falſe with her.
UEEN. No further ſervice, doctor,
til I ſend for thee.
OR. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? Doſt thou thi
in time
She will not quench; and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? Do thou work:
When thou ſhalt bring me word, ſhe loves my ſon,
I'll tell thee, on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter: greater; for
His fortunes all lie ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[*The Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it u*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'ſt up
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pry'thee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't, as from thyſelf.
Think what a chance thou changeſt on; but think
Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my ſon,
Who ſhall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then myſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women: [knave
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisa.*]—A ſly and conſtan
Not to be ſhak'd: the agent for his maſter;

nd the remembrancer of her, to hold
ıe hand faſt to her lord.—I have given him that,
Vhich, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
f leigers for her ſweet; and which ſhe, after,
ıcept ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, *and* LADIES.

ɔ taſte of too.—So, ſo;—well done, well done:
he violets, cowſlips, and the primroſes,
ear to my cloſet:—Fare thee well, Piſanio;
hink on my words. [*Exeunt* QUEEN, *and* LADIES.

Pis. And ſhall do:
ut when to my good lord I prove untrue,
ll choke myſelf: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a ſtep-dame falſe;
. fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
Vhat hath her huſband baniſh'd;—O, that huſband!
ly ſupreme crown of grief! and thoſe repeated
'exations of it! Had I been thief-ſtolen,
s my two brothers, happy! but moſt miſerable
the deſire that's glorious: Bleſſed be thoſe,
ow mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Vhich ſeaſons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
omes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
he worthy Leonatus is in ſafety,
nd greets your highneſs dearly. [*Preſents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good ſir;
ou are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich! [*A*
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I ſhall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.]—*He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe k*
neſſes I am moſt infinitely tied. Reflect upon him acc
ingly, as you value your trueſt LEONA

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the reſt, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy ſir, as I
Have words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, faireſt lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of ſea and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd ſtones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monke
'Twixt two ſuch ſhes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other: Nor i'the judgeme
For idiots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite: Nor i'the appetite;
Sluttery, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not to allur'd to feed.

MO. What is the matter, trow?
ICH. The cloyed will,
at ſatiate yet unſatisfied deſire,
t tub both fill'd and running,) ravening firſt
lamb, longs after for the garbage.
MO. What, dear ſir,
ıs raps you? Are you well?
ICH. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beſeech, you, ſir, deſire
[*to* PISANIO.
man's abode where I did leave him: he
range and peeviſh.
IS. I was going, ſir,
give him welcome. [*Exit* PISANIO.
MO. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beſeech you?
ICH. Well, madam.
MO. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
ICH. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there
ıerry and ſo gameſome: he is call'd
Briton reveller.
MO. When he was here,
lid incline to ſadneſs; and oft-times
knowing why.
CH. I never ſaw him ſad.
:e is a Frenchman his companion, one
:minent monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
allian girl at home: he furnaces
thick ſighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
ır lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
ny ſides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
iſtory, report, or his own proof,
woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chooſe
nuſt be,—will his free hours languiſh for
·ed bondage?

Imo. Will my lord ſay ſo?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laugh
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens kn
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope. [m

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, ſir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, ſir?
You look on me; What wreck diſcern you in me,
Deſerves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I'the dungeon by a ſnuff?

Imo. I pray you, ſir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.

Imo You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be ſure they do: For certainties
Either are paſt remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe every touch, would force the feeler's ſoul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: ſhould I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the ſtairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſehood (falſehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrous as the ſmoky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himſelf. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diſeas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenneſs can lend nature! ſuch boil'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe,) if it be true,
How ſhould I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your deſpite, upon your purſe? Revenge it.
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Imo. What ho, Piſanio!
Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.
Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt; as baſe, as ſtaange.
Thou wrong'ſt a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'ſt here a lady, that diſdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Piſanio!—
The king my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault: if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſaucy ſtranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romiſh ſtew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not reſpects at all.—What ho, Piſanio!—
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may ſay;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deſerves thy truſt; and thy moſt perfect goodneſs

Her aſſur'd credit!—Bleſſed live you long!
A lady to the worthieſt ſir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The trueſt manner'd; ſuch a holy witch,
That he enchants ſocieties unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a deſcended god:
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking a falſe report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a ſir ſo rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon. [yours.

Imo. All's well, ſir: Take my power i' the court for

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almoſt forgot
To entreat your grace but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myſelf, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the buſineſs.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
The beſt feather of our wing) have mingled ſums,
To buy a preſent for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,

Of rich and exquiſite form; their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage; May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety: ſince
My lord hath intereſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;
I muſt aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beſeech; or I ſhall ſhort my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I croſs'd the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I muſt, madam:
Therefore, I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outſtood my time; which is material
To the tender of our preſent.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome. [*Exeu*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Court before CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and two* LORDS.

Clo. Was there ever man had ſuch luck! when

the jack upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! I had a red pound on't: And then a whoreſon jackanapes take me up for ſwearing; as if I borrow'd mine of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

LORD. What got he by that? You have broke his with your bowl.

LORD. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it l have run all out. [*Aſide.*

O. When a gentleman is diſpoſed to ſwear, it is not ıy ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

LORD. No, my lord; nor [*Aſide.*] crop the ears of

. Whoreſon dog!—I give him ſatisfaction? 'Would, d been one of my rank!

LORD. To have ſmelt like a fool. [*Aſide.*

O. I am not more vex'd at any thing in the earth,— ı on't! I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they not fight with me, becauſe of the queen my mo- every jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, and ſt go up and down like a cock that no body can h.

LORD. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, with your comb on. [*Aſide.*

O. Sayeſt thou?

LORD. It is not fit, your lordſhip ſhould undertake companion that you give offence to.

O. No, I know that: but it is fit, I ſhould commit ːe to my inferiors.

LORD. Ay, it is fit for your lordſhip only.

O. Why, ſo I ſay.

LORD. Did you hear of a ſtranger, that's come to to-night?

O. A ſtranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordſhip's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your iſſues being fooliſh, do not derogate. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Come, I'll go ſee this Italian: What I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip. [*Ex. Clo. and* 1 *Lord.*

That ſuch a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this aſs! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princeſs,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unſhak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand,
To enjoy thy baniſh'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk. IMOGEN reading in her bed; a LADY *attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Ladr. Pleaſe you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Ladr. Almoſt midnight, madam. [weak:—

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canſt awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Ladr.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beſeech ye! [*Sleeps. Iachimo, from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: Our Tarquin thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lily!
And whiter than the ſheets! That I might touch!
But kiſs; one kiſs!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee the encloſed lights, now canopied
Under theſe windows: White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my deſign?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and ſuch, pictures;—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
Why, ſuch, and ſuch:—And the contents o'the ſtory,—
Ah, but ſome natural notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables
Would teſtify, to enrich mine inventory:

O ſleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As ſlippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I'the bottom of a cowſlip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory! She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock ſtrikes.*
One, two, three,—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The ſcene cloſes.*

SCENE III. An Antechamber adjoining IMOGEN'S *Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* LORDS.

1 LORD. Your lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the moſt coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

CLO. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 LORD. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordſhip; You are moſt hot, and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this fooliſh Imogen, I ſhould have gold enough: It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this muſick would come: I am adviſed to give her muſick o' mornings; they ſay, it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her conſider.

S O N G.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate ſings,
And Phœbus 'gins ariſe,
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady ſweet, ariſe;
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will conſider your muſick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horſe-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt* Muſicians.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up ſo late; for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: He cannot chooſe but take this ſer-

vice I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majeſty, and to my gracious mother.

Crm. Attend you here the door of our ſtern daughter? Will ſhe not forth?

Clo. I have aſſail'd her with muſick, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Crm. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: ſome more time
Muſt wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then ſhe's yours.

Queen. You are moſt bound to the king;
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourſelf
To orderly ſolicits; and be friended
With aptneſs of the ſeaſon: make denials
Increaſe your ſervices: So ſeem, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſs.

Clo. Senſeleſs? not ſo.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, ſir, ambaſſadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Crm. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: We muſt receive him
According to the honour of his ſender;
And towards himſelf his goodneſs foreſpent on us
We muſt extend our notice.—Our dear ſon,
When you have given good morning to your miſtreſs,
Attend the queen, and us; we ſhall have need

employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* CYM. QUEEN, LORDS, *and* MESS.

IAC. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
her lie ſtill, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*Knocks.*

ow her women are about her; What
do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
ch buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
ıa's rangers falſe themſelves, yield up
ir deer to the ſtand of the ſtealer: and 'tis gold
ch makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
, ſometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
it not do, and undo? I will make
of her women lawyer to me; for
: not underſtand the caſe myſelf.
'our leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a LADY.

ADY. Who's there, that knocks?

IAC. A gentleman.

ADY. No more?

IAC. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.

ADY. That's more
ı ſome, whoſe tailors are as dear as yours,
juſtly boaſt of: What's your lordſhip's pleaſure?

IAC. Your lady's perſon: Is ſhe ready?

ADY. Ay,
keep her chamber.

IAC. There's gold for you; ſell me your good report.

ADY. How! my good name? or to report of you
ıt I ſhall think is good?—The princeſs—

Enter IMOGEN.

IAC. Good-morrow, faireſt ſiſter: Your ſweet hand.

IO. Good-morrow, ſir: You lay out too much pains

For purchaſing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.

Clo. Still, I ſwear, I love you.

Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me: 'faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, ſir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being ſo verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am ſo near the lack of charity,
(To accuſe myſelf) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boaſt.

Clo. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,

who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their ſouls
whom there is no more dependency
›rats and beggary) in ſelf-figur'd knot;
/ou are curb'd from that enlargement by
conſequence o' the crown; and muſt not ſoil
precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
lding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth,
ntler, not ſo eminent.
o. Profane fellow!
: thou the ſon of Jupiter, and no more,
vhat thou art, beſides, thou wert too baſe
e his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
to the point of envy, if t'were made
›arative for your virtues, to be ſtyl'd
under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
›eing preferr'd ſo well.
o. The ſouth-fog rot him!
o. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
e but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment,
ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
y reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
: they all made ſuch men.—How now, Piſanio?

Enter PISANIO.

o. His garment? Now, the devil—
o. To Dorothy my woman hie thee preſently:—
›. His garment?
›. I am ſprighted with a fool;
ıted, and anger'd worſe:—Go, bid my woman
h for a jewel, that too caſually
left mine arm; it was thy maſter's: 'ſhrew me,
/ould loſe it for a revenue
.y king's in Europe. I do think,
't this morning: confident I am,

Laſt night 'twas on mine arm; I kiſs'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiſs aught but he.
Pis. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo: go, and ſearch. [*Exit Pisa*
Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meaneſt garment?
Imo. Ay; I ſaid ſo, ſir.
If you will make't an action, call witneſs to't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, ſir,
To the worſt of diſcontent. [*I*
Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meaneſt garment?—Well. [*I*

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in* PHILARIO'S *Houſe.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, ſir: I would, I were ſo ſure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer days would come: In theſe fear'd hope
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Auguſtus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commiſſion throughly: And, I think,

He'll grant the tribute, ſend the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæſar
Smil'd at their lack of ſkill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their diſcipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, ſuch
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The ſwifteſt harts have poſted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, ſir.

Post. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your return.

Iach. Your lady
's one the faireſt that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I truſt.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The ſtone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſy.
Post. Make not, ſir,
Your loſs your ſport: I hope, you know that we
Muſt not continue friends.
Iach. Good ſir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant
We were to queſtion further: But I now
Profeſs myſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have taſted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loſes,
Your ſword, or mine; or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumſtances,
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe: whoſe ſtrength

will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
ou'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
ou need it not.

Poſt. Proceed.

Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber,
Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not; but, profeſs,
lad that was well worth watching,) It was hang'd
Vith tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
roud Cleopatra, when ſhe met her Roman,
nd Cydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for
he preſs of boats, or pride: A piece of work
o bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
n workmanſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,
ould be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
ince the true life on't was——

Poſt. This is true;
nd this you might have heard of here, by me,
r by ſome other.

Iach. More particulars
uſt juſtify my knowledge.

Poſt. So they muſt,
r do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
s ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
haſte Dian, bathing: never ſaw I figures
o likely to report themſelves: the cutter
as as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
otion and breath left out.

Poſt. This is a thing,
hich you might from relation likewiſe reap;
eing, as it is, much ſpoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
ith golden cherubims is fretted: Her andirons

(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Poſt. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have ſeen all this, (and praiſe
Be given to your remembrance,) the deſcription
Of what is in her chamber, nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It muſt be married
To that your diamond, I'll keep them.
Poſt. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She ſtripp'd it from her arm; I ſee her yet;
Her pretty action did outſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and ſaid,
She priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off,
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?
Poſt. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the ring.*
It is a baſiliſk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above meaſure falſe!
Phi. Have patience, ſir,

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, ſhe loſt it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath ſtolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And ſo, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her,
More evident than this; for this was ſtolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he ſwears; by Jupiter he ſwears.
Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am ſure
She would not loſe it: her attendants are
All ſworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to ſteal it!
And by a ſtranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—ſhe hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd
Of one perſuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying, under her breaſt
(Worthy the preſſing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiſs'd it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be ſworn,——

Post. No ſwearing.
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou haſt made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do ſomething—— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite beſides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.
Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers? We are baſtards all;
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was ſtamp'd; ſome coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother ſeem'd
The Dian of that time: ſo doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaſte as unſunn'd ſnow:—O, all the devils!—

This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or leſs,—at firſt: Perchance he ſpoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them:—Yet 'tis greater ſkill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A Room of State in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and* LORDS, *at one door; and at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS, *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now ſay, what would Auguſtus Cæſar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæſar (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,

Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Caſſibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæſar's praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it,) for him,
And his ſucceſſion, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clo. There be many Cæſars,
Ere ſuch another Julius. Britain is
A world by itſelf; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noſes.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to reſume
We have again.—Remember, ſir, my liege,
The kings your anceſtors; together with
The natural bravery of your iſle; which ſtands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unſcaleable, and roaring waters;
With ſands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But ſuck them up to the top-maſt. A kind of conque
Cæſar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame:* with ſhame
(The firſt that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coaſt, twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Caſſibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune!) to maſter Cæſar's ſword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons ſtrut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our ıngdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I id, there is no more ſuch Cæſars: other of them may ıve crook'd noſes; but, to owe ſuch ſtraight arms, none.

Crm. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard Caſſibelan: I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a hand. -Why tribute? why ſhould we pay tribute? If Cæſar ın hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the ıoon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; ſe, ſir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Crm. You muſt know,
ill the injurious Romans did extort
his tribute from us, we were free: Cæſar's ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
he ſides o' the world,) againſt all colour, here
id put the yoke upon us; which to ſhake off,
ecomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
urſelves to be. We do ſay then to Cæſar,
ur anceſtor was that Mulmutius, which
rdain'd our laws; (whoſe uſe the ſword of Cæſar
ath too much mangled; whoſe repair, and franchiſe,
ıall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
hough Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
Vho was the firſt of Britain, which did put
is brows within a golden crown, and call'd
limſelf a king.

Luc. I am ſorry, Cymbeline,
hat I am to pronounce Auguſtus Cæſar
Cæſar, that hath more kings his ſervants, than
hyſelf domeſtick officers,) thine enemy:
eceive it from me, then:—War, and confuſion,
ı Cæſar's name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look

For fury not to be reſiſted :—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myſelf.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæſar knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to ſeek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance; I am perfect,
That the Panonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would ſhow the Britons cold:
So Cæſar ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clo. His majeſty bids you welcome. Make pa
with us a day, or two, or longer: If you ſeek us a
wards in other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-v
girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you
in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for
and there's an end.

Luc. So, ſir.

Cym. I know your maſter's pleaſure, and he m
All the remain is, welcome. [*Ex*

SCENE II. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you no
What monſter's her accuſer?—Leonatus!
O, maſter! what a ſtrange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What falſe Italian
(As poiſonous tongu'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Diſloyal? No:
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddeſs-like than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would take in ſome virtue.—O, my maſter!

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I ſhould murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable. How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact come's to? *Do't: The letter*
[Reading.
That I have ſent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senſeleſs bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'ſt
So virgin-like without? Lo, here ſhe comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

IMO. How now, Piſanio?

PIS. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMO. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that aſtronomer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are aſunder, let that grieve him,—
Some griefs are med'cineable;) that is one of them,
For it doth phyſick love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bleſt be,
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!
[*Reads.*

Juſtice, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me, as you, O the deareſt of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, adviſe you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increaſing in love, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horſe with wings!—Hear'ſt thou, Piſanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Piſanio,
(Who long'ſt, like me, to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'ſt,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,) ſay, and ſpeak thick,
(Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing,
To the ſmothering of the ſenſe,) how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy, as
To inherit ſuch a haven: But, firſt of all,
How we may ſteal from hence; and, for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuſe:—but firſt, how get hence:
Why ſhould excuſe be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

PIS. One ſcore, 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

IMO. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands

That run i'the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs; ſay
She'll home to her father: and provide me, preſently,
A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A franklin's houſewife.

Pis. Madam, you're beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Inſtructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the ſun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We houſe i'the rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain ſport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which leſſens, and ſets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd: To apprehend thus,

Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you ſpeak: we, poor unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o'the neſt; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is beſt,
If quiet life be beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
With your ſtiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A priſon for a debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of,
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb
Is certain falling, or ſo ſlippery, that

The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
The name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the ſearch;
And hath as oft a ſlanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deſerve by doing well; what's worſe,
Muſt court'ſy at the cenſure:—O, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman ſwords; and my report was once
First with the beſt of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, ſwore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and theſe demeſnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language:—He, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o'the feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter;
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Gui. and Arv.*

How hard it is, to hide the ſparks of nature!

Theſe boys know little, they are ſons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. [meanly
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus
I'the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I ſet my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conſcience, knows,
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I ſtole theſe babes;
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou waſt their nurſe; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myſelf, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother ſo

To ſee me firſt, as I have now:—Piſanio! Man!
Where is Poſthúmus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that ſigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication: Put thyſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtaider ſenſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be ſummer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that countenance ſtill.—My huſband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy miſtreſs*, Piſanio, *hath play'd the ſtrumpet in my bed; the teſtimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes; but from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou*, Piſanio, *muſt act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunities at* Milford-Haven: *ſhe hath my letter for the purpoſe: Where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.*

Pis. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whoſe breath

Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave
This viperous ſlander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. Falſe to his bed! What is it, to be falſe?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? that's falſe to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I falſe? Thy conſcience witneſs:—Iachimo,
Thou didſt accuſe him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dſt like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whoſe mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I muſt be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good ſeeming,
By thy revolt, O huſband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought falſe: and Sinon's weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy tear; took pity
From moſt true wretchedneſs: So, thou, Poſthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honeſt:
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: When thou ſee'ſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience: Look!

draw the ſword myſelf: take it; and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy maſter is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; ſtrike.
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe;
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's: Againſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something's afore't:—Soft, ſoft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the ſcabbard.—What is here?
The ſcriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to hereſy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: Though thoſe that are betray'd
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe.
And thou, Poſthúmus, thou that did'ſt ſet up
My diſobedience 'gainſt the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the ſuits
Of princely fellows, ſhalt hereafter find
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve myſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her
That now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, deſpatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?

Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind firſt.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? Why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horſes' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being abſent; whereunto I never
Purpoſe return? Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent, when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment: in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; ſpeak:
I have heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear,
Therein falſe ſtruck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But ſpeak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Moſt like;
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not ſo, neither:
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and ſingular in his art,

Hath done you both this curſed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it; for 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: You ſhall be miſs'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my huſband?
Pis. If you'll back to the court,—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple, nothing;
That Cloten, whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.
Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain muſt you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the ſun that ſhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pis. I am moſt glad
You think of other place. The embaſſador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but diſguiſe
That, which, to appear itſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The reſidence of Poſthumus; ſo nigh, at leaſt,

That though his actions were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for ſuch means!
Though peril to my modeſty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceneſs,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty ſelf,) to a waggiſh courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy, and
As quarrellous as the weaſel: nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek,
Expoſing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing Titan; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

Pis. Firſt, make yourſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them: Would you, in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble Lucius
Preſent yourſelf, deſire his ſervice, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him know
If that his head have ear in muſick,) doubtleſs,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad

u have me, rich; and I will never fail
ginning, nor ſupplyment.
MO. Thou art all the comfort
e gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
ere's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
that good time will give us: This attempt
ſoldier to, and will abide it with
prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
PIS. Well, madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewell;
t, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
ur carriage from the court. My noble miſtreſs,
re is a box; I had it from the queen;
iat's in't is precious: if you are ſick at ſea,
ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
ll drive away diſtemper.—To ſome ſhade,
d fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
ect you to the beſt!
MO. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. A Room in CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

YM. Thus far; and ſo farewell.
UC. Thanks, royal ſir.
emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence;
d am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
maſter's enemy.
YM. Our ſubjects, ſir,
ll not endure his yoke; and for ourſelf
ſhow leſs ſovereignty than they, muſt needs
pear unkinglike.
UC. So, ſir, I deſire of you
onduct over-land, to Milford-Haven.—

Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have croſs'd the Severn.—Happineſs!

[*Exeunt* Lucius, *and* Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cauſe.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wiſhes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too ſlight in ſufferance. [*Exit an* Attend.

Queen. Royal ſir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an ATTENDANT.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [*Exit* CLOTEN.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is

To death, or to diſhonour; and my end
Can make good uſe of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the Britiſh crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my ſon?

Clo. 'Tis certain, ſhe is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night foreſtall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*

Clo. I love, and hate her: for ſhe's fair and royal;
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe, of all compounded,
Outſells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Diſdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Poſthúmus, ſlanders ſo her judgement,
That what's elſe rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, ſirrah
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady! In a word; or elſe
Thou art ſtraightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not aſk again. Cloſe villain,
I'll have this ſecret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is ſhe with Poſthúmus?
From whoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,

w can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſs'd?
is in Rome.
Clo. Where is ſhe, ſir? Come nearer;
further halting: ſatisfy me home,
iat is become of her?
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!
Clo. All-worthy villain!
cover where thy miſtreſs is, at once,
the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
ak, or thy ſilence on the inſtant is
y condemnation and thy death.
Pis. Then, ſir,
is paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge
uching her flight. [*Preſenting a letter.*
Clo. Let's ſee't:—I will purſue her
en to Auguſtus' throne.
Pis. Or this, or periſh.
e's far enough: and what he learns by this, } *Aſide.*
ay prove his travel, not her danger.
Clo. Humh!
Pis. I'll write to my lord, ſhe's dead. O Imogen,
ſe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again! [*Aſide.*
Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Poſthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou
uld'ſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice; un-
go thoſe employments, wherein I ſhould have cauſe
uſe thee, with a ſerious induſtry,—that is, what vil-
ay ſoe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and
ly,—I would think thee an honeſt man: thou ſhould'ſt
ither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for
y preferment.
Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou ſerve me? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Poſthumus, thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clo. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit hither: let it be thy firſt ſervice; go.

Pis. I ſhall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:——I forgot to aſk him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Poſthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart,) that ſhe held the very garment of Poſthumus in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back, will I raviſh her: Firſt kill him, and in her eyes; there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body,—and when my luſt hath dined, (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that ſhe ſo prais'd,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpiſed me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the Clothes.*

Be thoſe the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't ſince ſhe went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true preferment ſhall tender itſelf to thee. —My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for, true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To him that is moſt true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heavenly bleſſings, on her! This fool's ſpeed
Be croſs'd with ſlowneſs; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I ſee, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Piſanio ſhow'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations flie the wretched: ſuch, I mean,
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true: To lapſe in fullneſs
Is ſorer, than to lie for need; and falſehood
Is worſe in kings, than beggars—My dear lord!
Thou art one o'the falſe ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to ſink for food.—But what is this?

Here is a path to it: 'Tis ſome ſavage hold:
I were beſt not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No anſwer? then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the ca*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd beſt woodman, an
Are maſter of the feaſt: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely, ſavoury: Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſtive ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll brouze on th
Whilſt what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [*Looking*
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, ſir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good maſters, harm me not:

ɔre I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
ıave begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
.ve ſtolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
d ſtrew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat:
ɔuld have left it on the board, ſo ſoon
[had made my meal; and parted
:h prayers for the provider.
'UI. Money, youth?
'RV. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
o worſhip dirty gods.
ıO. I ſee, you are angry:
ɔw, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
'e died, had I not made it.
'EL. Whither bound?
ıO. To Milford-Haven, ſir.
'EL. What is your name?
ıO. Fidele, ſir: I have a kinſman, who
ound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
ı fallen in this offence.
'EL. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
nk us no churls; nor meaſure our good minds
:his rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
almoſt night: you ſhall have better cheer
you depart; and thanks, to ſtay and eat it.—
s, bid him welcome.
UI. Were you a woman, youth,
ɔuld woo hard, but be your groom.—In honeſty,
ł for you, as I'd buy.
'RV. I'll make't my comfort,
is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
l ſuch a welcome as I'd give to him,

After long abſence, ſuch is yours:—Moſt welcome!
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mong'ſt friends.
Imo. 'Mongſt friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons! then had my prize
Been leſs; and ſo more equal ballaſting
To thee, Poſthúmus. *Aſid*
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
Gui. 'Would, I could free't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whiſperin*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not out-peer theſe twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my ſex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we have ſupp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near. [welcom
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, l
Imo. Thanks, ſir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeu*

SCENE VII. Rome.

Enter two SENATORS *and* TRIBUNES.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;

it ſince the common men are now in action
inſt the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
l that the legions now in Gallia are
l weak to undertake our wars againſt
: fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
: gentry to this buſineſs: He creates
ius pro-conſul: and to you the tribunes,
this immediate levy, he commands
abſolute commiſſion. Long live Cæſar!
'RI. Is Lucius general of the forces?
SEN. Ay.
'RI. Remaining now in Gallia?
SEN. With thoſe legions
ich I have ſpoke of, whereunto your levy
t be ſupplyant: The words of your commiſſion
l tie you to the numbers, and the time
heir deſpatch.
'RI. We will diſcharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Foreſt, near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

:LO. I am near to the place where they ſhould meet, if
ıio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve
Why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him
made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (ſaving
rence of the word) for 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs
es by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman. I
ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory, for a
and his glaſs to confer; in his own chamber, I
n,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his;
:ſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes,

beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions: yet this imperſeverant thing loves him in my deſpite. What mortality is! Poſthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off; thy miſtreſs enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage: but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is tied up ſafe: Out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very deſcription of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *ARVIRAGUS, and* IMOGEN.

BEL. You are not well: [*to* IMOGEN.] remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting. [*To* IMOGEN.

ARV. Brother, ſtay here:
Are we not brothers?

IMO. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I am very ſick.

GUI. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

IMO. So ſick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: So pleaſe you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe: the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,

ince I can reaſon of it. Pray you, truſt me here;
ll rob none but myſelf; and let me die,
tealing ſo poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have ſpoke it:
low much the quantity, the weight as much,
s I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, ſir, I yoke me
1 my good brother's fault: I know not why
love this youth; and I have heard you ſay,
ove's reaſon's without reaſon; the bier at door,
nd a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
ſy father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble ſtrain! [*Aſide.*
worthineſs of nature! breed of greatneſs!
owards father cowards, and baſe things ſire baſe:
lature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
am not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
)oth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me.—
'is the ninth hour o'the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.

Arv. You health.—So pleaſe you, ſir.

Imo. [*Aſide.*] Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
)ur courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at court:
xperience, O, thou diſprov'ſt report!
'he imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh,
oor tributary rivers, as ſweet fiſh.
am ſick ſtill; heart-ſick:—Piſanio,
ll now taſte of thy drug.

Gui. I could not ſtir him:
le ſaid, he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.

Arv. Thus did he anſwer me: yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and reſt.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And ſo ſhalt be ever. [*Exit Imogen.*
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears, he hath had
Good anceſtors.

Arv. How angel-like he ſings! [te

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in char
And ſauc'd our broths, as Juno had been ſick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh: as if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile;
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their ſpurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the ſtinking elder, grief, untwine
His periſhing root, with the increaſing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's there

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find thoſe runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

.. Thoſe runagates!
; he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
ı, the ſon o'the queen. I fear ſome ambuſh.
ıim not theſe many years, and yet
w 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.
. He is but one: You and my brother ſearch
companies are near: pray you, away;
.e alone with him. [*Exeunt* BEL. *and* ARV.
ı. Soft! What are you
fly me thus? ſome villain mountaineers?
: heard of ſuch.—What ſlave art thou?
'. A thing
ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
'e without a knock.
. Thou art a robber,
'-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.
. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
'm as big as thine? a heart as big?
words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
ıgger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
I ſhould yield to thee?
ı. Thou villain baſe,
'ſt me not by my clothes?
'. No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
is thy grandfather; he made thoſe clothes,
h, as it ſeems, make thee.
ı. Thou precious varlet,
ılor made them not.
'. Hence then, and thank
nan that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
loath to beat thee.
ı. Thou injurious thief,
but my name, and tremble.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I'm ſon to the queen.
Gui. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Thoſe that I reverence, thoſe I fear; t
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town ſet your head
Yield, ruſtick mountaineer. [*Exeun*

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world: You did miſtake
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it ſince I ſaw hi
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of fa
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voic
And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I am abſo
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wiſh my brother make good time with him.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* Cloten's *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purſe,
There was no money in't: Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and ſwore,
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in,
Diſplace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And ſet them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe,
But, that he ſwore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf;
For we do fear the law? What company
Diſcover you abroad?

Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on, but, in all ſafe reaſon,
He muſt have ſome attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worſe; not frenzy, not
Abſolute madneſs could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and ſwear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable

To come alone, either he ſo undertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
ARV. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foreſay it: howſoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
BEL. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.
GUI. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the queen's ſon, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*I*
BEL. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore thou hadſt not done't! though va
Becomes thee well enough.
ARV. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone purſued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou haſt robb'd me of this deed: I would, reveng
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, would ſeek us thro
And put us to our anſwer.
BEL. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll ſtay
Till haſty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
ARV. Poor ſick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,

d let a pariſh of ſuch Clotens blood,
ınd praiſe myſelf for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddeſs,
'hou divine Nature, how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
ı theſe two princely boys! They are as gentle
ıs zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
ſot wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
'heir royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'ſt wind,
'hat by the top doth take the mountain pine,
ınd make him ſtoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
'hat an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
'o royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
ivility not ſeen from other; valour,
'hat wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
ıs if it had been ſow'd! Yet ſtill it's ſtrange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
r what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
have ſent Cloten's clotpoll down the ſtream,
ı embaſſy to his mother; his body's hoſtage
or his return. [*Solemn muſick.*

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
lark, Polydore, it ſounds! But what occaſion
lath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now. [mother

Gui. What does he mean? ſince death of my dear'ſt
: did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
hould anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter?
'riumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
; jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
; Cadwal mad?

Have ſkipp'd from ſixteen years of age to ſixt
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch
Than have ſeen this.

Gui. O ſweeteſt, faireſt lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half ſo we
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhow what coaſt thy ſluggiſh cra
Might eaſilieſt harbour in!—Thou bleſſed thi
Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have ma
Thou diedſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his righ
Repoſing on a cuſhion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O'the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he ſlept; a
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.

Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, Fidele,
'll ſweeten thy ſad grave: Thou ſhalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corſe.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to the ground,
As once our mother; uſe like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile muſt be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than prieſts and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, medicine the leſs: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's ſon, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt; yet reverence,

(That angel of the world,) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither,
Therſites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* Belarius.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we muſt lay his head to the eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o'the ſun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all muſt,
As chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o'the great,
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſcepter, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flaſh,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-ſtone;
Gui. Fear not ſlander, cenſure raſh;

ARV. Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan:
BOTH. All lovers young, all lovers muſt
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.

GUI. No exorciſer harm thee!
ARV. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
GUI. Ghoſt unlaid forbear thee!
ARV. Nothing ill come near thee!
BOTH. Quiet conſummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

GUI. We have done our obſequies: Come lay him down.

BEL. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for graves.—Upon their faces:—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even ſo
Theſe herb'lets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them firſt, has them again:
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo is their pain.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

IMO. [*Awaking.*] Yes, ſir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yon buſh?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins!—can it be ſix miles yet?—
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and ſleep.
But, ſoft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddeſſes!

[*Seeing the body.*

Theſe flowers are like the pleaſures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, ſo, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honeſt creatures: But 'tis not ſo;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are ſometimes like our judgements, blind. Good fai
I tremble ſtill with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as ſmall a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here ſtill: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs man!—The garments of Poſthúmus!
I know the ſhape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Piſanio,
All curſes madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conſpir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Haſt here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Piſanio
Hath with his forged letters, damn'd Piſanio—
From this moſt braveſt veſſel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Poſthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that! Ah me! where's tha
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How ſhould this be? Piſanio
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he ſaid, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the ſenſes? That confirms it home:
This is Piſanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *a* CAPTAIN, *and other Officers, and a* SOOTHSAYER.

Cap. To them, the legions garriſon'd in Gallia,
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ſhips:
They are here in readineſs.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The ſenate hath ſtirr'd up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc. This forwardneſs
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, ſir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpoſe?

Sooth. Laſt night the very gods ſhow'd me a viſion:
(I faſt, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I ſaw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the ſpungy ſouth to this part of the weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the ſunbeams: which portends,
(Unleſs my ſins abuſe my divination,)
Succeſs to the Roman hoſt.

Luc. Dream often ſo,
And never falſe.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or ſleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead.—
Let's ſee the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of this body.—Young one
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it ſeems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwiſe than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy intereſt
In this ſad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies ſlain:—Alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters: I may wander
From eaſt to occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many, all good, ſerve truly, never
Find ſuch another maſter.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aſide.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, ſir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Luc. Thou doſt approve thyſelf the very ſame:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay,
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd; but, be ſure,
No leſs belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a conſul to me, ſhould not ſooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, ſir. But, firſt, an't pleaſe the gods,

I'll hide my maſter from the flies, as deep
As theſe poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have ſtrew'd his grave,
And on it ſaid a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and ſigh;
And, leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettieſt daizied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partiſans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he ſhall be interr'd,
As ſoldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, *and* PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
A madneſs, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a deſperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her ſon gone,
So needful for this preſent: It ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a ſharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,

Cap. He is alive, my lord. niſtreſs,
Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of this one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, our highneſs,
They crave to be demanded:
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody pil'
That, otherwiſe than nobl was here:
Hath alter'd that good p' ſhall perform
In this ſad wreck? He oyally.
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothir nce in ſeeking him,
Nothing to be we , be found.
A very valiant ' e's troubleſome;
That here by for a ſeaſon; but our jealouſy [*To Pisanio.*
There are n depend.
From eaſt So pleaſe your majeſty,
Try man Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Find ſv landed on your coaſt; with a ſupply
Lu of Roman gentlemen, by the ſenate ſent.
Thc *Cym.* Now for the counſel of my ſon, and queen!—
T I am amaz'd with matter.
1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs [ready:
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put thoſe powers in motion,
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*
Pis. I heard no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him, Imogen was ſlain: 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I

I humbly ſet it at your will: But, for my miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains, why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. 'Beſeech your highne
Hold me your loyal ſervant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally.
For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troubleſome;
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon; but our jealouſy [*To Pisan*
Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So pleaſe your majeſty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt; with a ſupply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the ſenate ſent.

Cym. Now for the counſel of my ſon, and queen!-
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs [read
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you
The want is, but to put thoſe powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeun*

Pis. I heard no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him, Imogen was ſlain: 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I

What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work:
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt; not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find I love my country,
Even to the note o'the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in ſome boats, that are not ſteer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noiſe is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleaſure, ſir, find we in life, to lock it,
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Muſt or for Britons ſlay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there ſecure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newneſs
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muſter'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, ſir, a doubt,
In ſuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes

And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, beſides, the king
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſy your cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.
Gui. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, ſir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourſelf,
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'ergrown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.
Arv. By this ſun that ſhines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die? ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon?
Never beſtrid a horſe, ſave one, that had
A rider like myſelf, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy ſun, to have
The benefit of his bleſs'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bleſs me, ſir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So ſay I; Amen.

Bel. No reaſon I, ſince on your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation, ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time ſeems long; their blood thinks
ſcorn, [*Aſide.*
Till it fly out, and ſhow them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Field between the Britiſh *and* Roman *Camps.*
Enter Posthumus, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wiſh'd
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murder wives much better than themſelves,
For wrying but a little?—O, Piſanio!
Every good ſervant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do juſt ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: ſo had you ſaved
The noble Imogen to repent; and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each elder worſe;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſs'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough

That, Britain, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpoſe: I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weeds, and ſuit myſelf
As does a Briton peaſant: ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits ſhow.
Gods, put the ſtrenth o' the Leonati in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o' the world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Enter at one ſide, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the* Roman *army; at the other ſide, the* Britiſh *army;* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following it, like a poor ſoldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in ſkirmiſh,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heavineſs and guilt within my boſom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princeſs of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have ſubdu'd me,
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is ta-*

ken: then enter, to his reſcue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, ſtand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, ſtand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and ſeconds the* Britons: *They reſcue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then, enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf:
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly.

SCENE III. Another part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* Britiſh *Lord.*

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?

Poſt. I did:
Though you, it ſeems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Poſt. No blame be to you, ſir; for all was loſt.
But that the heavens fought: The king himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons ſeen, all flying
Through a ſtrait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Merely through fear; that the ſtrait paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Cloſe by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,—
An honeſt one, I warrant; who deſerv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads more like to run
The country baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame,)
Made good the paſſage; cry'd to thoſe that fled,
Our Britain's *harts die flying, not our men:*
To darkneſs fleet, ſouls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Roman's, *and will give you that*
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly; and may ſave,
But to look back in frown: ſtand, ſtand.—Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing,) with this word, *ſtand, ſtand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleneſs, (which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, ſhame, part, ſpirit renew'd; that ſome, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
A ſtop i'the chaſer, a retire; anon,
A rout, confuſion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles; ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made: And now our cowards,
(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
The life o'the need; having found the back-door open

the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
ne, ſlain before; ſome, dying; ſome, their friends
:r-borne i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
e now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty:
oſe, that would die or ere reſiſt, are grown
e mortal bugs o'the field.
Lord. This was ſtrange chance:
narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
ther to wonder at the things you hear,
an to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
ıd vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
o boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
eſerv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.
Lord. Nay, be not angry, ſir.
Post. 'Lack, to what end?
ho dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend:
r if he'll do, as he is made to do,
:now, he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
ıu have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*
Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble miſery!
ı be i'the field, and aſk, what news, of me!
ı-day, how many would have given their honours
ı have ſav'd their carcaſſes? took heel to do't,
ıd yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
ıuld not find death, where I did hear him groan;
ır feel him, where he ſtruck: Being an ugly monſter,
is ſtrange, he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
'eet words; or hath more miniſters than we
ıat draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find him:
ır, being now a favourer to the Roman,
ı more a Briton, I have reſum'd again

The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the anſwer be
Britons muſt take: For me, my ranſom's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for Imogen.

Enter two Britiſh *CAPTAINS, and Soldiers.*

1 *CAP.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his ſons were angels.

2 *CAP.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

1 *CAP.* So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

POST. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.

2 *CAP.* Lay hands on him; A dog!
A leg of Rome ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his ſervice
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman *captives. The CAPTAINS preſent POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. A Priſon.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two GAOLERS.

1 *GAOL.* You ſhall not now be ſtolen, you have locks
So graze, as you find paſture. [upon you;

2 *GAOL.* Ay, or a ſtomach. [*Exeunt GAOLERS.*

POST. Moſt welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o'the gout; ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the ſure phyſician, death; who is the key
To unbar theſe locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks, and wriſts: You good gods, give me
The penitent inſtrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am ſorry?
So children temporal fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd: to ſatisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No ſtricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every ſtamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather mine, being yours: And ſo, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel theſe cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence. [*He ſleeps.*

Solemn muſick. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to* Poſthumus, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* Poſthumus, *with muſick before them. Then, after other muſick, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* Poſthumus, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* Poſthumus *round, as he lies ſleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhow
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates, and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending Nature's law.
Whoſe father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art,)
Thou ſhould'ſt have been, and ſhielded him
From this earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Poſthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongſt his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair,
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could ſtand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you ſuffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
taint his nobler heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſy;
d to become the geck and ſcorn
O' the other's villainy?
2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
at, ſtriking in our country's cauſe,
Fell bravely, and were ſlain;
r fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Poſthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
ien, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
e graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
on a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries:
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion; help!
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
the ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againſt thy deity.
2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice fly.

JUPITER deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghoſts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty ſpirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; huſh!—How dare you ghoſts,
Accuſe the thunderer, whoſe bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts?
Poor ſhadows of Elyſium, hence; and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid ſon our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are ſpent.
Our jovial ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Riſe, and fade!—
He ſhall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt; wherein
Our pleaſure his full fortune doth confine;
And ſo, away: no further with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace cryſtalline. [*Aſcends.*
Sici. He came in thunder; his celeſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſs'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, Jupiter!
Sici. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be bleſt,
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [*Ghoſts vanish.*
Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and
begot

. father to me: and thou haſt created
. mother, and two brothers: But (O ſcorn!)
one! they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born.
nd ſo I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
n greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Vake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I ſwerve:
Iany dream not to find, neither deſerve,
nd yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I,
'hat have this golden chance, and know not why.
Vhat fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare
one!
e not, as is our fangled world, a garment
lobler than that it covers: let thy effects
o follow, to be moſt unlike our courtiers,
s good as promiſe.
Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall* Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*
'is ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as madmen
ongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
r ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
s ſenſe cannot untie. Be what it is,
he action of my life is like it, which
'll keep, if but for ſympathy.

Re-enter GAOLERS.

Gaol. Come, ſir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, ſir; if you be ready for
at, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, ſir: But the comfort is, you ſhall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and ſorry that you are paid too much; purſe and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs: O! of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it ſums up thouſands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge:—Your neck, ſir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, ſir, he that ſleeps feels not the toothach: But a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, ſir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictured: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or take upon yourſelf that, which I am ſure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your priſoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'ſt good news;—I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*

Gaol. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be ſome of them too, that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deſolation of gaolers, and gallowſes! I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit; but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Cymbeline's Tent.*

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my ſide, you, whom the gods have
Preſervers of my throne. Woe is my heart, [made
That the poor ſoldier, that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I never ſaw
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing;

Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Crm. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and liv
But no trace of him.

Crm. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRA
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives: 'Tis now the time
To aſk of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we are honeſt.

Crm. Bow your knees:
Ariſe, my knights o'the battle; I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.
Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.
There's buſineſs in theſe faces:—Why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To ſour your happineſs, I muſt report
The queen is dead.

Crm. Whom worſe than a phyſician
Would this report become? But I conſider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the doctor too.—How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to herſelf. What ſhe confeſs'd,

vill report, ſo pleaſe you: Theſe her women
n trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
ere preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.
Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd ſhe never lov'd you; only
fected greatneſs got by you, not you:
arried your royalty, was wife to your place;
horr'd your perſon.
Cym. She alone knew this:
id, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
lieve her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
ith ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs
as as a ſcorpion to her ſight; whoſe life,
t that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
'en off by poiſon.
Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
ho is't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, ſir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
r you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
ould by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
inches waſte you: In which time ſhe purpos'd,
watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
ercome you with her ſhow: yes, and in time,
When ſhe had fitted you with her craft,) to work
r ſon into the adoption of the crown.
t failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
ew ſhameleſs-deſperate; open'd, in deſpite
heaven and men, her purpoſes; repented
e evils ſhe hatch'd were not effected; ſo,
ſpairing, died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.

Crm. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming; it had been vicious,
To have miſtruſted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothſayer, *and other* Roman *priſoners, guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'ſt not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit,
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their captives, which our ſelf have granted:
So, think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, ſir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our priſoners with the ſword. But ſince the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſom, let it come: ſufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus lives to think on't: And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ranſom'd: never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo nurſe-like: let his virtue join
With my requeſt, which, I'll make bold, your highneſs
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have ſerv'd a Roman: ſave him, ſir,

nd ſpare no blood beſide.
Cym. I have ſurely ſeen him;
is favour is familiar to me.—
oy, thou haſt look'd thyſelf into my grace,
nd art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
o ſay, live, boy: ne'er thank thy maſter; live:
nd aſk of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
tting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it;
ea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
he nobleſt ta'en.
Imo. I humbly thank your highneſs.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
nd yet, I know, thou wilt.
Imo. No, no; alack,
here's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
tter to me as death: your life, good maſter,
uſt ſhuffle for itſelf.
Luc. The boy diſdains me,
e leaves me, ſcorns me: Briefly die their joys,
hat place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Thy ſtands he ſo perplex'd?
Cym. What would'ſt thou, boy?
love thee more and more; think more and more
Vhat's beſt to aſk. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Vilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
han I to your highneſs; who, being born your vaſſal,
m ſomething nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt him ſo?
Imo. I'll tell you, ſir, in private, if you pleaſe
o give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
nd lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, ſir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter: Walk with me; ſpeak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converſe apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One ſand another
Not more reſembles: That ſweet roſy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gui. The ſame dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! ſee further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am ſure
He would have ſpoke to us.

Gui. But we ſaw him dead.

Bel. Be ſilent; let's ſee further.

Pis. It is my miſtreſs: [*Aſide.*
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*

Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to Iach.*] ſtep you forth;
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatneſs, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſehood.—On, ſpeak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [*Aſide.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken that
Which, to be ſpoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy

I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didſt baniſh; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler ſir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt ſky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy ſtrength:
I had rather thou ſhould'ſt live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive, man, and ſpeak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That ſtruck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The manſion where!) 'twas at a feaſt, (O 'would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or, at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head!) the good Poſthumus,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones,) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak: for feature, laming
The ſhrine of Venus, or ſtraight-pight Minerva,
Poſtures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; beſides, that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye:——

Cym. I ſtand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou would'ſt grieve quickly.—This Poſthumus,
(Moſt like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;

And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpoſe.

Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity—there it begins.
He ſpake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made ſcruple of his praiſe; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Poſt I in this deſign: Well may you, ſir,
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Moſt vilely; for my 'vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimilar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,

(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I ſee him now,—

Post. Ay, ſo thou doſt, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villain's paſt, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! Thou, king, ſend out
For torturers ingenious: It is I
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am Poſthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was ſhe; yea, and ſhe herſelf.
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o'the ſtreet to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Poſthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy leſs than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou ſcornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: ſhe falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your miſtreſs:—O, my lord Poſthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come theſe ſtaggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my miſtreſs!
Cym. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my miſtreſs?
Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter ſtill?
Imo. It poiſon'd me.
Cor. O Gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt: If Piſanio
Have, ſaid ſhe, given his miſtreſs that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, ſir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no eſteem: I, dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which, being ta'en, would ceaſe
The preſent power of life; but, in ſhort time,
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is ſure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my fleſh, my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?

Imo. Your bleſſing, ſir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am ſorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, ſhe was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely: But her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe was gone,
It was my inſtant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To ſeek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,

I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the ſtory:
I ſlew him there.

Crm. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have ſpoke it, and I did it.

Crm. He was a prince.

Gui. A moſt uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
If it could ſo roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.

Crm. I am ſorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my lord.

Crm. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, ſir king:
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thyſelf; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever ſcar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the* Guard.
They were not born for bondage.

Crm. Why, old ſoldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By taſting of our wrath? How of deſcent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he ſpake too far.

Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My ſons, I muſt,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger is
Ours.
Gui. And our good is his.
Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadſt, great king, a ſubject, who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A baniſh'd traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age: indeed, a baniſh'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot:
Firſt pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons;
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſaucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I riſe, I will prefer my ſons;
Then, ſpare not the old father. Mighty ſir,
Theſe two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine;
They are the iſſue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my iſſue?
Bel. So ſure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you ſometime baniſh'd:
Your pleaſure was my mere offence, my puniſhment
Itſelf, and all my treaſon; that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle princes
(For ſuch, and ſo they are,) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up: thoſe arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, ſir, as
Your highneſs knows. Their nurſe, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children
Upon my baniſhment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treaſon: Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, gracious ſir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world:—
The benediction of theſe covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with ſtars.

Crm. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt.
The ſervice, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'ſt: I loſt my children;
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Moſt worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,
Your younger princely ſon; he, ſir, was lapp'd
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eaſe produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that natural ſtamp:
It was wiſe nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bleſs'd may you be,
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou haſt loſt by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter; I you brothers,
When you were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continued ſo, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? Theſe,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;

And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will ſerve our long intergatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is ſeverally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoke the temple with our ſacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* BELARIUS.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save theſe in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.

Imo. My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn ſoldier, that ſo nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, ſir,
The ſoldier that did company theſe three
In poor beſeeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finiſh.

Iach. I am down again; [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but, your ring firſt;
And here the bracelet of the trueſt princeſs,

That ever ſwore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to ſpare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, ſir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your ſervant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome
Call forth your ſoothſayer: As I ſlept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſpritely ſhows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him ſhow
His ſkill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall* Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import ſo much:

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* CYMBELIN
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this moſt conſtant wife; who, even now,
Anſwering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipp'd about
With this moſt tender air.

Crm. This hath ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Perſonates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two ſons forth: who, by Belarius ſtolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majeſtick cedar join'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes Britain peace and plenty.

Crm. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to Cæſar,
And to the Roman empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in juſtice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid moſt heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The viſion
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold battle, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd: For the Roman eagle,
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloft,
Leſſen'd herſelf, and in the beams o'the ſun
So vaniſh'd: which fore-ſhow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæſar, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,

Which ſhines here in the weſt.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked ſmokes climb to their noſtrils
From our bleſs'd altars! Publiſh we this peace
To all our ſubjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a Britiſh enſign wave
Friendly together: ſo through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; ſeal it with feaſts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a peace.

[*Exeunt.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Perſons repreſented.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declared Emperor himſelf.*

Baſſianus, *Brother to* Saturninus; *in love with* Lavinia.

Titus Andronicus, *a noble* Roman, *General againſt the* Goths.

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to* Titus.

Lucius,
Quintus,
Martius,
Mutius,
} *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.

Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.

Publius, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune.*

Æmilius, *a noble* Roman.

Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius,
} *Sons to* Tamora.

Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by* Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Meſſenger, and Clown; Romans.

Goths, *and* Romans.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths.

Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.

A Nurſe, and a black Child.

Kinſmen of Titus, *Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Rome; *and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici *appearing; the* Tribunes *and* Senators *aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below,* SATURNINUS *and his followers, on one ſide; and* BASSIANUS, *and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.*

SAT. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the juſtice of my cauſe with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title with your ſwords:
I am his firſt-born ſon, that was the laſt
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

BAS. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my [right,—
If ever Baſſianus, Cæſar's ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol;
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
The imperial ſeat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility:
But let deſert in pure election ſhine;

And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *aloft, with the crown.*

Mar. Princes,—that ſtrive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiouſly for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Choſen Andronicus, ſurnamed Pius
For many good and great deſerts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the ſenate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barbarous Goths;
That, with his ſons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertook
This cauſe of Rome, and chaſtiſed with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field;
And now at laſt, laden with honour's ſpoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and ſenate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and, as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs.

Sat. How fair the tribune ſpeaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affy
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,

And ſo I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his ſons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cauſe in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of* BASSIANUS.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myſelf, my perſon, and the cauſe.

[*Exeunt the followers of* SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SATURNINUS and* BASSIANUS *go into the Capitol, and exeunt with* Senators, *MARCUS, &c.*

SCENE II. The ſame.

Enter a CAPTAIN, *and Others.*

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's beſt champion,
Succeſsful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flouriſh of trumpets, &c. enter MUTIUS *and* MARTIUS: *after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then* QUINTUS *and* LUCIUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other Goths, priſoners;*

ſoldiers and people, following. The bearers ſet down the coffin, and TITUS *ſpeaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath diſcharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-ſalute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant ſons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
Theſe, that ſurvive, let Rome reward with love;
Theſe, that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial amongſt their anceſtors:
Here Goths have given me leave to ſheath my ſword.
Titus, unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*

There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars!
O ſacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly priſon of their bones;

That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the nobleſt that ſurvives,
The eldeſt ſon of this diſtreſſed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I ſhed,
A mother's tears in paſſion for her ſon:
And, if thy ſons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my ſon to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But muſt my ſons be ſlaughter'd in the ſtreets,
For valiant doings in their country's cauſe?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe.
Andronicus, ſtain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, ſpare my firſt-born ſon.

Tit. Patient yourſelf, madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren ſlain,
Religiouſly they aſk a ſacrifice:
To this your ſon is mark'd; and die he muſt,
To appeaſe their groaning ſhadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire ſtraight;
And with our ſwords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean conſum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to reſt; and we ſurvive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, Madam, ſtand reſolv'd; but hope withal,
The ſelf-ſame gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their ſwords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the ſacrificing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke, like incenſe, doth perfume the ſky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be ſo, and let Andronicus
Make this his lateſt farewell to their ſouls.

[*Trumpets ſounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons;
Rome's readieſt champions, repoſe you here,
Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps!
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no ſtorms,
No noiſe, but ſilence and eternal ſleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour reſt you here my ſons!
Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

render, for my brethren's obſequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
ſhed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortunes Rome's beſt citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that haſt thus lovingly reſerv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praiſe!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and Others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triúmpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's ſervice drew your ſwords:
But ſafer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to Solon's happineſs,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their truſt,
This palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With theſe our late-deceaſed emperor's ſons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to ſet a head on headleſs Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What! ſhould I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be choſen with proclamations to-day;

To-morrow, yield up rule, reſign my life,
And ſet abroad new buſineſs for you all?
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,
Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In right and ſervice of their noble country:
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſcepter to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it laſt.

Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtain and aſk the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canſt thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert ſhipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I aſk your voices, and your ſuffrages;
Will you beſtow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his ſafe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

'. Tribunes, I thank you: and this ſuit I make,
you create your emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Saturnine; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
t on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
ipen juſtice in this common-weal:
if you will elect by my advice,
ı him, and ſay,—*Long live our emperor!*
R. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
ians, and plebeians, we create
Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
ıy,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!* [*A long flouriſh.*
'. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
in our election this day,
thee thanks in part of thy deſerts,
vill with deeds requite thy gentleneſs:
for an onſet, Titus, to advance
ıame, and honourable family,
ia will I make my empereſs,
's royal miſtreſs, miſtreſs of my heart,
n the ſacred Pantheon her eſpouſe:
ne, Andronicus, doth this motion pleaſe thee?
'. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
: me highly honour'd of your grace:
ıere, in ſight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
and commander of our common-weal,
ride world's emperor,—do I conſecrate
vord, my chariot, and my priſoners;
ıts well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
ve them then, the tribute that I owe,
honour's enſigns humbled at thy feet.
r. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
: ſhall record; and, when I do forget-

The leaſt of theſe unſpeakable deſerts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you priſoner to an emperor;
[*To Tamora.*
To him, that for your honour and your ſtate,
Will uſe you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, truſt me; of the hue
That I would chooſe, were I to chooſe anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorn in Rome:
Princely ſhall be thy uſage every way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not diſpleas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; ſith true nobility
Warrants theſe words in princely courteſy.

Sat. Thanks, ſweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ranſomleſs here we ſet our priſoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*

Tit. How, ſir? Are you in earneſt then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and reſolv'd withal,
To do myſelf this reaſon and this right.
[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb ſhow.*

Mar. Suum cuique is our Roman juſtice:
This prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and ſhall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treaſon, my lord; Lavinia is ſurpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS *and* BASSIANUS, *with* LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſafe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you paſs not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'ſt me my way in Rome? [*Titus kills* MUTIUS.

Mut. Help Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjuſt; and, more than ſo,
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any ſons of mine;
My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me:
Traitor, reſtore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock:
I'll truſt, by leiſure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty ſons,
Confederates all thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in Rome to make a ſtale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree theſe deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are theſe?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword:
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs ſons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. Theſe words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the ſtately Phœbe 'mongſt her nymphs,
Doſt overſhine the gallant'ſt dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice,
Behold, I chooſe thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empereſs of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, doſt thou applaud my choice?
And here I ſwear by all the Roman Gods,—
Sith prieſt and holy water are ſo near,
And tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for Hymeneus ſtand,—
I will not re-ſalute the ſtreets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead eſpous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in ſight of heaven, to Rome I ſwear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A loving nurſe, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Aſcend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whoſe wiſdom hath her fortune conquered:
There ſhall we cónſummate our ſpouſal rites.

[*Exeunt* SATURNINUS, *and his followers;* TAMORA, *and her Sons;* AARON *and* Goths.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, ſee, O, ſee, what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.

...liſh tribune, no; no ſon of mine,—
...eſe, confederates in the deed
...honour'd all our family;
brother, and unworthy ſons!
But let us give him burial, as becomes;
...e Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he reſts not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified:
Here none but ſoldiers, and Rome's ſervitors,
Repoſe in fame; none baſely ſlain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He muſt be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And ſhall? What villain was it ſpoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my deſpite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou haſt ſtruck upon my creſt,
And, with theſe boys, mine honour thou haſt wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himſelf; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the ſons of Titus kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my ſoul,——

Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all,—

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. Theſe words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the ſtately Phœbe 'mongſt her nymphs,
Doſt overſhine the gallant'ſt dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice,
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Sith prieſt and holy water are ſo near,
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In readineſs for Hymeneus ſtand,—
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Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, ſee, O, ſee, what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.

Tit. No, fooliſh tribune, no; no ſon of mine,—
Nor thou, nor theſe, confederates in the deed
That hath diſhonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy ſons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he reſts not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified:
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And, with theſe boys, mine honour thou haſt wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
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Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my ſoul,——

Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's neſt,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cauſe.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe Laertes' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Riſe, Marcus, riſe:—
The diſmall'ſt day is this, that e'er I ſaw,
To be diſhonour'd by my ſons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, ſweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man ſhed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cauſe.

Mar. My lord,—to ſtep out of theſe dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the ſubtle queen of Goths
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn ſo far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. Re-enter, at one ſide, SATURNINUS, *attended;* TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and* AARON: *At the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and Others.*

Sat. So Baſſianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, ſir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs; and ſo I take my leave.

SAT. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this rape.
BAS. Rape, call you it, my lord, to ſeize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am poſſeſs'd of that is mine.
SAT. 'Tis good, ſir: You are very ſhort with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.
BAS. My lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the reſcue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſon,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath expreſs'd himſelf, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.
TIT. Prince Baſſianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
TAM. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak indifferently for all;
And at my ſuit, ſweet, pardon what is paſt.
SAT. What! madam! be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?
TAM. Not ſo, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend,
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whoſe fury, not diſſembled, ſpeaks his griefs:
Then, at my ſuit, look graciouſly on him;
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſour looks afflict his gentle heart.
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Leſt then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey, take Titus' part,
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous ſin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone: } *Aſide.*
I'll find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous ſons,
To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, ſweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.

Sat. Riſe, Titus, riſe; my empreſs hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majeſty, and her, my lord:
Theſe words, theſe looks, infuſe new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And muſt adviſe the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince Baſſianus, I have paſs'd

My word and promiſe to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aſk pardon of his majeſty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highneſs,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our ſiſter's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do proteſt.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, ſweet emperor, we muſt all be friends;
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy ſake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit theſe young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a bachelor from the prieſt.
Come, if the emperor's court can feaſt two brides,
You are my gueſt, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day ſhall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it pleaſe your majeſty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it ſo, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,

Safe out of fortune's ſhot; and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flaſh;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his gliſtering coach,
And overlooks the higheſt-peering hills;
So Tamora.——
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faſter bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucaſus.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empereſs,
To wait, ſaid I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddeſs, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This ſyren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla! what ſtorm is this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving.*

Dem. Thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'ſt, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt over-ween in all;
And ſo in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me leſs gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,

To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! theſe lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your ſheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, ſir, with the little ſkill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain ſuch a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be ſo diſhonour'd in the court of Rome.
For ſhame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have ſheath'd
My rapier in his boſom, and, withal,
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full reſolv'd,—
Foul-ſpoken coward! that thunder'ſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.

Aar. Away, I ſay.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become ſo looſe,
Or Baſſianus ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, juſtice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an ſhould the empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſick would not pleaſe.

Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world. [choice:

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thouſand deaths
Would I propoſe, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and eaſy it is
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive, we know:
Though Baſſianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court
With words, fair looks, and liberality? [it
What, haſt thou not full often ſtruck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's noſe?

Aar. Why then, it ſeems, ſome certain ſnatch or ſo

Would ſerve your turns.
Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerv'd.
Dem. Aaron, thou haſt hit it.
Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you ſuch fools,
To ſquare for this? Would it offend you then
That both ſhould ſpeed?
Chi. I'faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me,
So I were one.
Aar. For ſhame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do
That you affect; and ſo muſt you reſolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaſte
Than this Lavinia, Baſſianus' love.
A ſpeedier courſe than lingering languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The foreſt walks are wide and ſpacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our empreſs, with her ſacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance conſecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare yourſelves,

But to your wiſhes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the houſe of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns:
There ſerve your luſt, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treaſury.

Chi. Thy counſel, lad, ſmells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm theſe fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Foreſt near Rome. *A Lodge ſeen at a diſtance. Horns, and cry of hounds, heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouſe the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's perſon carefully:
I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majeſty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promiſed your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my lords,

Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how ſay you?

Lav. I ſay, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport:—Madam, now ſhall ye ſee
Our Roman hunting. [*To Tamora.*

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouſe the proudeſt panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory top.

Tit. And I have horſe will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt no more, we, with horſe nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A deſert part of the Foreſt.

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know, that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And ſo repoſe, ſweet gold, for their unreſt, [*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empreſs' cheſt.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
The birds chaunt melody on every buſh;
The ſnake lies rolled in the cheerful ſun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd ſhadow on the ground:

Under their ſweet ſhade, Aaron, let us ſit,
And—whilſt the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noiſe:
And—after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our paſtimes done, poſſeſs a golden ſlumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your deſires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What ſignifies my deadly-ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when ſhe doth unroll
To do ſome fatal execution?
No, madam, theſe are no venereal ſigns;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empreſs of my ſoul,
Which never hopes more heaven than reſts in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Baſſianus;
His Philomel muſt loſe her tongue to-day:
Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in Baſſianus' blood.
Seeſt thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted ſcroll:—
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied;

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' deſtruction.

TAM. Ah, my ſweet moor, ſweeter to me than life!

AAR. No more, great empreſs, Baſſianus comes:
Be croſs with him; and I'll go fetch thy ſons
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

BAS. Who have we here? Rome's royal empereſs,
Unfurniſh'd of her well-beſeeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To ſee the general hunting in this foreſt?

TAM. Saucy controller of our private ſteps!
Had I the power, that, ſome ſay, Dian had,
Thy temples ſhould be planted preſently
With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAV. Under your patience, gentle empereſs,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Jove ſhield your huſband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they ſhould take him for a ſtag.

BAS. Believe me, queen, your ſwarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſéqueſter'd from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wander'd hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?

LAV. And, being intercepted in your ſport,

Great reaſon that my noble lord be rated
For ſaucineſs.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Bas. The king, my brother, ſhall have note of this.
Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long:
Good king! to be ſo mightily abus'd!
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear ſovereign, and our gracious m
Why doth your highneſs look ſo pale and wan? [the
Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren deteſted vale, you ſee, it is:
The trees, though ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſletoe.
Here never ſhines the ſun; here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they ſhowed me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a diſmal yew;
And leave me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adultereſs,
Laſcivious Goth, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy ſon. [*Stabs Bas.*

Chi. And this for me, ſtruck home to ſhow my ſtrength.
[*Stabbing him likewiſe.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
Firſt, thraſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw:
This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightineſs:
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?

Chi. And if ſhe do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her huſband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.

Tam. But when you have the honey you deſire,
Let not this waſp outlive, us both to ſting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that ſure.—
Come, miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preſerved honeſty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! Thou bear'ſt a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Liſten, fair madam: Let it be your glory,
To ſee her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; ſhe taught it thee:
The milk, thou ſuck'ſt from her, did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not ſons alike;
Do thou entreat her ſhow a woman pity. [*To* CHIRON.

CHI. What! would'ſt thou have me prove myſelf a baſtard?

LAV. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some ſay, that ravens foſter forlorn children,
The whilſt their own birds famiſh in their neſts:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind, but ſomething pitiful!

TAM. I know not what it means; away with her.

LAV. O, let me teach thee: for my father's ſake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAM. Hadſt thou in perſon ne'er offended me,
Even for his ſake am I pitileſs:
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent;
Therefore away with her, and uſe her as you will;
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.

LAV. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd ſo long;
Poor I was ſlain, when Baſſianus died.

TAM. What begg'ſt thou then? fond woman, let me go.

LAV. 'Tis preſent death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worſe than killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit;

ere never man's eye may behold my body:
this, and be a charitable murderer.
'AM. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſons of their fee:
let them ſatisfy their luſt on thee.
)EM. Away; for thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.
.AV. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beaſtly creature!
: blot and enemy to our general name!
ıfuſion fall——
'HI. Nay, then I'll ſtop your mouth:—Bring thou her
huſband; [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.
s is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*
'AM. Farewell, my ſons: ſee, that you make her ſure:
er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
all the Andronici be made away.
ıv will I hence to ſeek my lovely Moor,
d let my ſpleenful ſons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. The ſame.

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

1AR. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
ıight will I bring you to the loathſome pit,
ıere I eſpy'd the panther faſt aſleep.
)UIN. My ſight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
1ART. And mine, I promiſe you; wer't not for ſhame,
ll could I leave our ſport to ſleep awhile.
[*Martius falls into the pit.*
)UIN. What, art thou fallen? What ſubtle hole is this,
ıoſe mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
ɔn whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed blood,
freſh as morning's dew diſtill'd on flowers?
'ery fatal place it ſeems to me:
ak, brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
1ART. O, brother, with the diſmalleſt object

That ever eye, with ſight, made heart lament. [here;

Aar. [*Aſide.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them
That he thereby may give a likely gueſs,
How theſe were they, that made away his brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*

Mart. Why doſt not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtain'd hole?

Quin. I am ſurprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling ſweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart ſuſpects more than mine eye can ſee.

Mart. To prove thou haſt a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Baſſianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a ſlaughter'd lamb,
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And ſhows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did ſhine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' miſty mouth.

QUIN. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Baſſianus' grave.
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.

MART. Nor I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.

QUIN. Thy hand once more; I will not looſe again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

SAT. Along with me:—I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

MART. The unhappy ſon of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Baſſianus dead.

SAT. My brother dead? I know, thou doſt but jeſt:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.

MART. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

TAM. Where is my lord, the king?

SAT. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

TAM. Where is thy brother Baſſianus?

SAT. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor Baſſianus here lies murdered.

TAM. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;

And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miſs to meet him handſomely,—*
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'ſt our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree;
Look, ſirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murder'd Baſſianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To Tit.*] fell curs of bloody
Have here bereft my brother of his life:— [kind,
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon;
There let them bide, until we have deviſ'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,
Accurſed, if the fault be prov'd in them,——

Sat. If it be prov'd! you ſee, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himſelf did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They ſhall be ready at your highneſs' will,

'o anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.

SAT. Thou ſhalt not bail them; ſee, thou follow me,
ome bring the murder'd body, ſome the murderers:
et them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
or, by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
'hat end upon them ſhould be executed.

TAM. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
ear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.

TIT. Come, Lucius, come; ſtay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE V. The ſame.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *raviſh'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

DEM. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can ſpeak,
Vho 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.

CHI. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo;
nd, if thy ſtumps will let thee, play the ſcribe.

DEM. See, how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcowl.

CHI. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.

DEM. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh;
nd ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.

CHI. An 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang myſelf.

DEM. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS.

MAR. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
ouſin, a word; Where is your huſband?—
'I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
'I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,
hat I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep!—
peak, gentle niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
lave lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? thoſe ſweet ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows kings have ſought to ſleep in;
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As half thy love? Why doſt not ſpeak to me?—
Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, ſure, ſome Tereus hath defloured thee;
And, leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And, notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,—
As from a conduit with three iſſuing ſpouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Bluſhing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better ſew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lily hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell aſleep,

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning eaſe thy miſery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, *and Officers of juſtice, with* MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, paſſing on to the place of execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, ſtay!
For pity of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel ſhed;
For all the froſty nights that I have watch'd;
And for theſe bitter tears, which now you ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned ſons,
Whoſe ſouls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty ſons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in honour's lofty bed.
For theſe, theſe, tribunes, in the duſt I write
[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor, and my ſoul's ſad tears.
Let my tears ſtanch the earth's dry appetite;
My ſons' ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, *&c. with the priſoners.*
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
That ſhall diſtil from theſe two ancient urns,

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my ſons, reverſe the doom of death
And let me ſay, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrows to a ſtone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears y

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they d
They would not mark me; or, if they did r
All bootleſs to them, they'd not pity me.
Therefore I tell my ſorrows to the ſtones;
Who, though they cannot anſwer my diſtre
Yet in ſome ſort they're better than the trib
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with m
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to theſe.

ſy everlaſting doom of baniſhment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Vhy, fooliſh Lucius, doſt thou not perceive,
'hat Rome is but a wilderneſs of tigers?
'igers muſt prey; and Rome affords no prey,
ut me and mine: How happy art thou then,
rom theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
ut who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
r, if not ſo, thy noble heart to break;
bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, ſo ſhe is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, ariſe, and look upon her:—
peak, my Lavinia, what accurſed hand
lath made thee handleſs in thy father's ſight?
Vhat fool hath added water to the ſea?
r brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
ſy grief was at the height, before thou cam'ſt,
nd now, like Nilus, it diſdaineth bounds.—
ive me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too;
or they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
nd they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
n bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
nd they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe:
low, all the ſervice I require of them
, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'is well, Lavinia, that thou haſt no hands;
or hands, to do Rome ſervice, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide herſelf; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone;
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my ſoul.—
Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What ſhall I do
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy huſband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, ſon Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd. [huſband:

Mar. Perchance, ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her

rchance, becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy huſband, then be joyful,
cauſe the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed;
itneſs the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes.—
ntle Lavinia, let me kiſs thy lips;
make ſome ſign how I may do thee eaſe:
all thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
id thou, and I, ſit round about ſome fountain;
oking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
w they are ſtain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
ith miry ſlime left on them by a flood?
id in the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
ll the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
id made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
ſhall we cut away our hands, like thine?
ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb ſhows
ſs the remainder of our hateful days?
hat ſhall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
t ſome device of further miſery,
make us wonder'd at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, ceaſe your tears; for, at your grief,
, how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
y napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
r thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I underſtand her ſigns:
d ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
at to her brother which I ſaid to thee;
s napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
n do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.

O, what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliſs.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy ſons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyſelf, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the king: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive;
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the ſun's upriſe?
With all my heart, I'll ſend the emperor
My hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent; my hand will ſerve the turn:
My youth can better ſpare my blood than you;
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing deſtruction on the enemy's caſtle?
O, none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it ſerve
To ranſom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By heaven, it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more; ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſon,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
Mar. And, for our father's ſake, and mother's care,
Now let me ſhow a brother's love to thee.
Tit. Agree between you; I will ſpare my hand.
Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.
Mar. But I will uſe the axe.
[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*
Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never, whilſt I live, deceive men ſo:—
But I'll deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'll ſay, ere half an hour can paſs. [*Aſide.*
[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*
Enter Lucius and Marcus.
Tit. Now, ſtay your ſtrife; what ſhall be, is deſpatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majeſty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my ſons, ſay, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an eaſy price;
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy ſons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aſide.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his ſoul black like his face. [*Exit.*
Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To* LAVINIA
Do then, dear heart; for heaven ſhall hear our prayers;
Or with our ſighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the ſun with fog, as ſometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting boſoms.

MAR. O! brother ſpeak with poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe deep extremes.

TIT. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.

MAR. But yet let reaſon govern thy lament.

TIT. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-ſwoln face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea; hark, how her ſighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs;
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a MESSENGER, *with two heads and a hand.*

MESS. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons;
And here's thy hand, in ſcorn to thee ſent back;
Thy griefs their ſports, thy reſolution mock'd:

ıat woe is me to think upon thy woes,
ɔre than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*
MAR. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
ıd be my heart an ever-burning hell!
ıeſe miſeries are more than may be borne!
ı weep with them that weep doth eaſe ſome deal,
ıt ſorrow flouted at is double death.
LUC. Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
ıd yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat!
ıat ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
here life hath no more intereſt but to breathe!
[*LAVINIA kiſſes him.*
MAR. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
ı frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.
TIT. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?
MAR. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
ıou doſt not ſlumber: ſee, thy two ſons' heads;
ıy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
ıy other baniſh'd ſon, with this dear ſight
·uck pale and bloodleſs; and thy brother, I,
'en like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
ı! now no more will I control thy griefs:
ınt off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
ıawing with thy teeth; and be this diſmal ſight
ıe cloſing up of our moſt wretched eyes!
ɔw is a time to ſtorm; why art thou ſtill?
TIT. Ha, ha, ha!
MAR. Why doſt thou laugh! it fits not with this hour.
TIT. Why, I have not another tear to ſhed:
ſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
ıd would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
ıd make them blind with tributary tears;
ıen which way ſhall I find revenge's cave?

For theſe two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me;
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me ſee what taſk I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employed in theſe things;
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my ſight;
Thou art an exile, and thou muſt not ſtay:
Hie to the Goths, and raiſe an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVIN.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful'ſt man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble ſiſter;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore haſt been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empreſs
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raiſe a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Ex.*

SCENE II. A Room in TITUS's *Houſe. A banquet ſet on*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a Boy.*

Tit. So, ſo; now ſit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
And cannot paſſionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt;
And when my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſigns!
[*To* LAVINIA.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill.
Wound it with ſighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that ſink, and ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in ſea-ſalt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has ſorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man ſhould be mad but I.
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Leſt we remember ſtill, that we have none.—

Fye, fye, how frantickly I ſquare my talk!
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what ſhe ſays;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns;—
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechleſs complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I, of theſe, will wreſt an alphabet,
And, by ſtill practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandſire, leave theſe bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with ſome pleaſing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs.

Tit. Peace, tender ſapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[*Marcus ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.*
What doſt thou ſtrike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'ſt my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;
I ſee, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?

Poor harmleſs fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou haſt kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, ſir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empreſs' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him;
Flattering myſelf, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.—
There's for thyſelf, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, ſirrah!—
Yet I do think we are not brought ſo low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a coal-black Moor.
Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy cloſet; and go read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The ſame. Before TITUS's *Houſe.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS, LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandſire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, ſee how ſwift ſhe comes!

Alas, ſweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Bor. Ay, when my father was in Rome, ſhe did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by theſe ſigns?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth ſhe mean:
See, Lucius, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Somewhither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.
Canſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?

Bor. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit or frenzy do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through ſorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Cauſeleſs, perhaps: But pardon me, ſweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will moſt willingly attend your ladyſhip.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee:—
Which is it, girl, of theſe?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better ſkill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, till the heavens

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think, ſhe means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
Or elſe to heaven ſhe heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?
Bor. Grandſire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoſis;
My mother gave't me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft! ſee, how buſily ſhe turns the leaves!
Help her:—
What would ſhe find?—Lavinia, ſhall I read?
This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treaſon, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, ſee; note, how ſhe quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?—
See, ſee!——
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.
Mar. O, why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the gods delight in tragedies! [friends,—
Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet girl,—for here are none but
What Roman lord it was durſt do the deed:
Or ſlunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in Lucrece' bed? [me.—
Mar. Sit down, ſweet niece;—brother, ſit down by
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it w his feet and mouth.*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this ſhift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here diſplay, at laſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with ſtumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the luſtful ſons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magne Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, ſweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And ſwear with me,—as with the woful feere,
And father, of that chaſte diſhonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus ſware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will proſecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon theſe traitorous Goths,
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, an you knew how,

But if you hurt theſe bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league,
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And, when he ſleeps, will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young huntſman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow theſe ſands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your leſſon then?—Boy, what ſay you?

Bor. I ſay, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe
For theſe bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Bor. And, uncle, ſo will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empreſs' ſons
Preſents, that I intend to ſend them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy meſſage, wilt thou not?

Bor. Ay, with my dagger in their boſoms, grandſire.

Tit. No, boy, not ſo; I'll teach thee another courſe.
Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my houſe;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, ſir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and* BOY.

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his eccſtaſy;
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd ſhield;

But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *at one door; at another door, young* LUCIUS, *and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the ſon of Lucius;
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.

Bor. My lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: What's the news?

Bor. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aſide.*] May it pleaſe you,
My grandſire, well-advis'd, hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for ſo he bade me ſay;
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your lordſhips, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And ſo I leave you both, [*Aſide.*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt Bor and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here? A ſcroll; and written round about?
Let's ſee;
Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verſe in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, juſt!—a verſe in Horace;—right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an aſs!
Here's no ſound jeſt! the old man hath found their guilt;
And ſends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empereſs well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her reſt in her unreſt awhile. *Aſide.*
And now, young lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to Rome, ſtrangers, and, more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reaſon, lord Demetrius?
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thouſand Roman dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.

Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to ſay amen.

Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.
[*Aſide. Flouriſh.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flouriſh thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a ſon.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, *with a Black-a-moor Child in her arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you ſee Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Arron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empreſs's ſhame, and ſtately Rome's diſgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, ſhe is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, ſhe's brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God
Give her good reſt! What hath he ſent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then ſhe's the devil's dam; a joyful iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black, and ſorrowful iſſue:
Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime.
The empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black ſo baſe a hue?—
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom, ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aar. Done! that which thou
Canſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, helliſh dog, thou haſt undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of ſo foul a fiend!
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aar. It ſhall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it muſt; the mother wills it ſo.
Aar. What, muſt it, nurſe? then let no man, but I,

Do execution on my fleſh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurſe, give it me; my ſword ſhall ſoon deſpatch it.

Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the child from the* Nurse, *and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the ſky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my ſcymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye ſanguine, ſhallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouſe painted ſigns!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.—
Tell the empereſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuſe it how ſhe can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?

Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, myſelf;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.

Chi. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look, how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood that firſt gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you impriſon'd were,
He is enfranchiſed and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeal be ſtamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what ſhall I ſay unto the empreſs?

Dem. Adviſe thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, ſo we may all be ſafe.

Aar. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
[*They ſit on the ground.*

Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?

Aar. Why, ſo, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioneſs,
The ocean ſwells not ſo as Aaron ſtorms.—
But, ſay again, how many ſaw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myſelf,
And no one elſe, but the deliver'd empreſs.

Aar. The empereſs, the midwife, and yourſelf:
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the empreſs; tell her, this I ſaid:— [*Stabbing her.*
Weke, weke!—ſo cries a pig, prepar'd to the ſpit.

Dem. What mean'ſt thou, Aaron? Wherefore didſt thou this?

Aar. O, lord, ſir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling goſſip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all;
And how by this their child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye ſee, that I have given her phyſick,
[*Pointing to the* Nurſe.
And you muſt needs beſtow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, ſee that you take no longer days,
But ſend the midwife preſently to me.
The midwife, and the nurſe, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they pleaſe.

Chi. Aaron, I ſee, thou wilt not truſt the air
With ſecrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herſelf, and hers, are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the* Nurſe.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as ſwift as ſwallow flies;
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine arms,
And ſecretly to greet the empreſs' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd ſlave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our ſhifts:

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and ſuck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Ex

SCENE III. The ſame. A publick Place.

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and oth Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinſmen, this is the way:-
Sir boy, now let me ſee your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, ſhe's gone, ſhe's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, couſins, ſhall
Go ſound the ocean, and caſt your nets;
Happily you may find her in the ſea;
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you muſt do it;
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock, and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt center of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the people's ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unſearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have ſhipp'd her hence,
And, kinſmen, then we may go pipe for juſtice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy caſe,
› ſee thy noble uncle thus diſtract?
Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
r day and night to attend him carefully;
nd feed his humour kindly as we may,
ill time beget ſome careful remedy.
Mar. Kinſmen, his ſorrows are paſt remedy.
in with the Goths; and with revengeful war
ake wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
nd vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.
Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my maſters? What,
ave you met with her?
Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto ſends you word
you will have revenge from hell, you ſhall:
arry, for Juſtice, ſhe is ſo employ'd,
e thinks, with Jove in heaven, or ſomewhere elſe,
› that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
ll dive into the burning lake below,
nd pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
arcus, we are but ſhrubs, no cedars we;
o big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' ſize:
ut metal, Marcus, ſteel to the very back;
et wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:—
nd, ſith there is no juſtice in earth nor hell,
Ve will ſolicit heaven; and move the gods,
o ſend down juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
ome, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
d *Jovem*, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
d *Martem*, that's for myſelf;—
ere, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:
o Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to ſhoot againſt the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, looſe when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unſolicited.

Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride. [Lucius!

Tit. Now, maſters, draw. [*They ſhoot.*] O, well ſaid,
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what haſt thou done!
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the ſport, my lord; when Publius ſhot,
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries ſuch a knock
That down fell both the rams' horns in the court;
And who ſhould find them but the empreſs' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he ſhould not chooſe
But give them to his maſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordſhip joy.

Enter a Clown, *with a baſket and two pigeons.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have juſtice? what ſays Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he ſays, that he hath taken them down again, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what ſays Jupiter, I aſk thee?

Clo. Alas, ſir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, ſir; nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, ſir, I never came there: God

forbid, I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, ſir, that is as fit as can be, to ſerve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, ſir, I could never ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a ſupplication?

Clo. Ay, ſir.

Tit. Then here is a ſupplication for you. And when you come to him, at the firſt approach, you muſt kneel; then kiſs his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, ſir; ſee you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, ſir; let me alone.

Tit Sirrah, haſt thou a knife? Come, let me ſee it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou haſt made it like an humble ſuppliant:—
And when thou haſt given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he ſays.

Clo. God be with you, ſir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go: Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRI *Lords and Others:* SATURNINUS *with the arrows in hand, that* Titus *ſhot.*

SAT. Why, lords, what wrongs are theſe? Was ever ſ
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath paſs'd,
But even with law, againſt the wilful ſons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His ſorrows have ſo overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterneſs?
And now he writes to heaven for his redreſs:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet ſcrolls to fly about the ſtreets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling againſt the ſenate,
And blazoning our injuſtice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no juſtice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecſtacies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that juſtice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives.

TAM. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,

Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep, and ſcarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt, or the beſt,
For theſe contempts. Why, thus it ſhall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [*Aſide.*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter CLOWN.

How now, good fellow? would'ſt thou ſpeak with us?

Clo. Yes, forſooth, an your miſterſhip be emperial.

Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and ſaint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.

Clo. How much money muſt I have?

Tam. Come, ſirrah, you muſt be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Deſpiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monſtrous villainy?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds;
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous ſons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, ſhall ſhape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy ſlaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thyſelf ſhould govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cauſe!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-reſolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under condúct
Of Lucius, ſon to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in courſe of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
Theſe tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſs beat down with ſtorms.
Ay, now begin our ſorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love ſo much;
Myſelf hath often over-heard them ſay,
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they have wiſh'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why ſhould you fear? is not your city ſtrong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to ſuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the ſun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melody:
Even ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy ſpirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous,
Then baits to fiſh, or honey-ſtalks to ſheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his ſon for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes; that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our embaſſador: [*To Æmilius.*
Say, that the emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this meſſage honourably:
And if he ſtand on hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.

Æmil. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually.
[*Exit Æmilius.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, ſweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go ſucceſsfully, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius, and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which ſignify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witneſs,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any ſcath,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave ſlip, ſprung from the great Andronicus,
Whoſe name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whoſe high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: We'll follow where thou lead'ſt,—
Like ſtinging bees in hotteſt ſummer's day,
Led by their maſter to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on curſed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a luſty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I ſtray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery;
And as I earneſtly did fix mine eye
Upon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noiſe; when ſoon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace, tawny ſlave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'ſt have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I muſt bear thee to a truſty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empreſs' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's ſake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I ruſh'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly; and brought him hither,
To uſe as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empreſs' eye;
And here's the baſe fruit of his burning luſt.—
Say, wall-ey'd ſlave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? What! deaf? No; not a word?
A halter, ſoldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of baſtardy.

AAR. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

LUC. Too like the ſire for ever being good.—
Firſt, hang the child, that he may ſee it ſprawl;
A ſight to vex the father's ſoul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which* AARON *is obliged to aſcend.*

AAR. Lucius, ſave the child;
And bear it from me to the empereſs.
If thou do this, I'll ſhow thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

LUC. Say on; and, if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.

AAR. An if it pleaſe thee? why, aſſure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak;
For I muſt talk of murders, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd:
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me, my child ſhall live.

LUC. Tell on thy mind; I ſay, thy child ſhall live.

AAR. Swear, that he ſhall, and then I will begin.

LUC. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no god;

That granted, how can'ſt thon believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee, called conſcience;
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he ſweaſt;
To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame god, what god ſoe'er it be,
That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence,—
To ſave my boy, to nouriſh, and bring him up;
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god, I ſwear to thee, I will.
Aar. Firſt, know thou, I begot him on the empreſs.
Luc. O moſt inſatiate, luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons that murder'd Baſſianus:
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Luc. O, déteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, ſhe was waſh'd, and cut, and trimm'd, and 'twas
Trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O, barbarous, beaſtly villains, like thyſelf!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to inſtruct them;
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witneſs of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpſe of Baſſianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two ſons;
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two ſons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kiſſes.

Goth. What! canſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the ſaying is.

Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Even now I curſe the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe,)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill:
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death;
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear myſelf:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when their ſorrows almoſt were forgot;
And on their ſkins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carv'd in Roman letters,
Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlaſting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no mo

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a meſſenger from Rome,
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe,
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.

1 *Goth.* What ſays our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away. [*Exeu*

SCENE II. Rome. *Before Titus's Houſe.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *diſguis'd.*

Tam. Thus, in this ſtrange and ſad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And ſay, I am Revenge, ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his ſtudy, where, they ſay, he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, *above.*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'ſt know me, thou would'ſt talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, theſe crimſon lines;
Witneſs theſe trenches, made by grief and care;
Witneſs the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empreſs, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; ſent from the infernal kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vaſt obſcurity, or miſty vale,
Where bloody murder, or deteſted rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me ſome ſervice, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy ſide where Rape, and Murder, ſtands;
Now give ſome 'ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a ſervile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfal in the ſea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy taſk,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. Theſe are my miniſters, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy miniſters? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called ſo,
'Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empreſs' ſons they are!

And you, the empreſs! But we worldly men
Have miſerable, mad, miſtaking eyes.
O ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.
[*Exit* TITUS, *from above.*

Tam. This cloſing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-ſick fits,
Do you uphold and máintain in your ſpeeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him ſend for Lucius, his ſon;
And, whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
I'll find ſome cunning practice out of hand,
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy Goths,
Or, at the leaſt, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I muſt ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful houſe;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empreſs and her ſons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empreſs never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you repreſent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had ſuch a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What ſhall we do?

Tam. What would'ſt thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thouſand, that have done thee wrong
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome;
And when thou find'ſt a man that's like thyſelf,
Good Murder, ſtab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, ſtab him; he is a raviſher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth reſemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them ſome violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us; this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee, good Andronicus,
To ſend for Lucius, thy thrice valiant ſon,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe:
When he is here, even at thy ſolemn feaſt,
I will bring in the empreſs and her ſons,
The emperor himſelf, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry heart.
What ſays Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis ſad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou ſhalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his ſoldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empreſs too

Feaſts at my houſe; and he ſhall feaſt with them.
This do thou for my love; and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

MAR. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*

TAM. Now will I hence about thy buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.

TIT. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me;
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

TAM. What ſay you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair, [*Aſide.*
And tarry with him, till I come again.

TIT. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of curſed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aſide.*

DEM. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.

TAM. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* TAMORA.

TIT. I know, thou doſt; and, ſweet Revenge, farewell.

CHI. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?

TIT. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

PUB. What's your will?

TIT. Know you theſe two?

PUB. Th' empreſs' ſons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

TIT. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:

Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them ſure;
And ſtop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TITUS.—*Publius, &c. lay hold on* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empreſs' ſons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop cloſe their mouths, let them not ſpeak a word:
Is he ſure bound? look, that you bind them faſt.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *ſhe bearing a baſon; and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, ſtop their mouths, let them not ſpeak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with mud
This goodly ſummer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her huſband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt:
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſs chaſtity,
Inhuman traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains, for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilſt that Lavinia 'tween her ſtumps doth hold
The baſon, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelf, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paſte;

And of the paſte a coffin I will rear,
And make two paſties of your ſhameful heads;
And bid that ſtrumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, ſwallow her own increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;
For worſe than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worſe than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paſte let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wiſh may prove
More ſtern and bloody than the Centaurs' feaſt.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt their mother comes.
[*Exeunt bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III. The ſame. A Pavilion, with tables, &c. Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* GOTHS, *with* AARON, *priſoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, ſince 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accurſed devil;
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empreſs' face,
For teſtimony of her foul proceedings:
And ſee the ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong:

I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my ſwelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd ſlave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt* Goths, *with* Aaron. *Flouriſh.*

The trumpets ſhow, the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus, *and* Tamora, *with* Tribunes, Senators, *and Others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more ſuns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyſelf a ſun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated.
The feaſt is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Pleaſe you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys ſound. The company ſit down at table. Enter* Titus, *dreſs'd like a cook,* Lavinia, *veiled, young* Lucius, *and Others.* Titus *places the diſhes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomachs; pleaſe you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your highneſs, and your empreſs.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highneſs knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, reſolve me this;
Was it well done of raſh Virginius,

To ſlay his daughter with his own right hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflour'd?

SAT. It was,
Andronicus.

TIT. Your reaſon, mighty lord!

SAT. Becauſe the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.

TIT. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy ſhame with thee;

[*He kills* LAVINIA.

And, with thy ſhame, thy father's ſorrow die!

SAT. What haſt thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

TIT. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was:
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

SAT. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the deed.

TIT. Will't pleaſe you eat? will't pleaſe your highneſs feed?

TAM. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only daughter thus?

TIT. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

SAT. Go, fetch them hither to us preſently.

TIT. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelf hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witneſs my knife's ſharp point.

[*Killing* TAMORA.

SAT. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.

[*Killing* TITUS.

Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills* Saturninus. *A great tumult. The people in confuſion diſperſe.* Marcus, Lucius, *and their partiſans aſcend the ſteps before* Titus's *houſe.*

Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of Rome,
By uproar ſever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Leſt Rome herſelf be bane unto herſelf;
And ſhe, whom mighty kingdoms court'ſy to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt-away,
Do ſhameful execution on herſelf.
But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,— [ceſtor,
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To* Lucius.] as erſt our an-
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe,
To love-ſick Dido's ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning night,
When ſubtle Greeks ſurpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i'the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that raviſhed our ſiſter:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears deſpis'd; and baſely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And ſent her enemies unto the grave.
Laſtly, myſelf unkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preſerv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her boſom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the ſteel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are,
That my report is juſt, and full of truth.
But, ſoft, methinks, I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs praiſe: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves.
Mar. Now is my turn to ſpeak; Behold this child,
[*Pointing to the child in the arms of an attendant.*
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The iſſue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of theſe woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' houſe,
Damn'd as he is, to witneſs this is true.
Now judge, what cauſe had Titus to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable, paſt patience,

Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiſs? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong caſt us down,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual cloſure of our houſe.
Speak, Romans, ſpeak: and, if you ſay, we ſhall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it ſhall be ſo. [peror!

Rom. [*Several ſpeak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal em-

Lucius, &c. deſcend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' ſorrowful houſe;
[*To an* Attendant.
And hither hale that miſbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life. [governor!

Rom. [*Several ſpeak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern ſo,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy taſk;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips, [*Kiſſes Titus.*
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face,
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſon!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:

O, were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers: Thy grandſire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo:
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandſire, grandſire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, ſo you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, *with* AARON.

1 *Rom.* You ſad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.

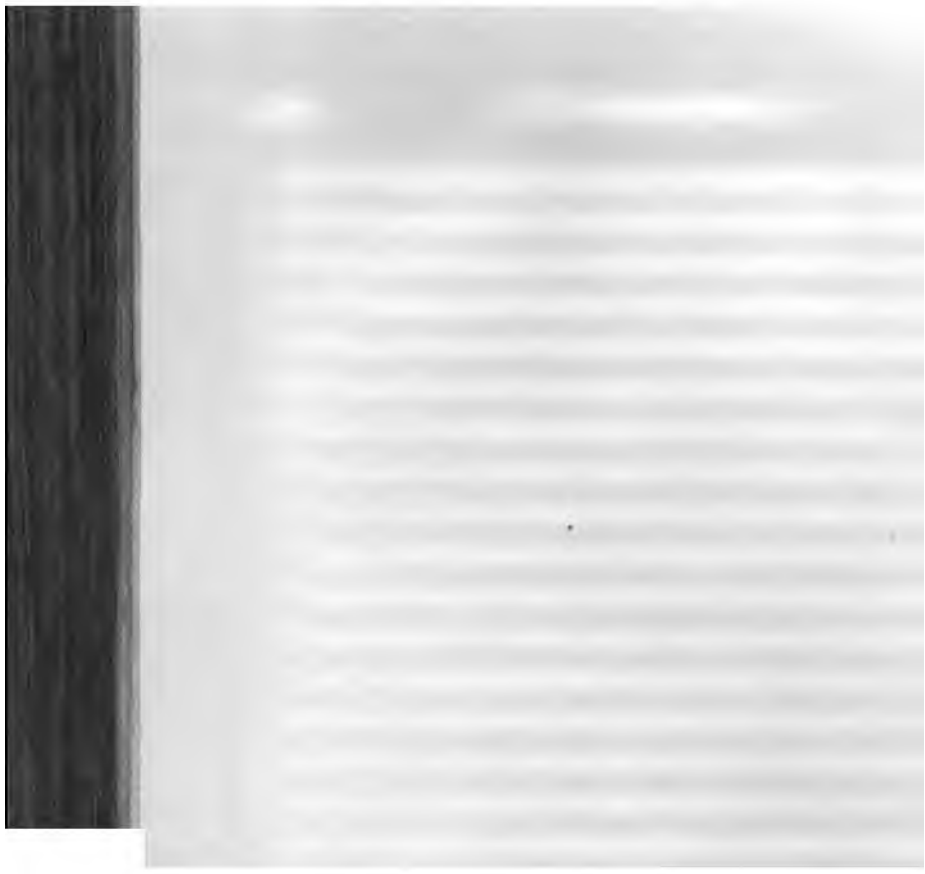
Luc. Set him breaſt-deep in earth, and famiſh him;
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some ſtay, to ſee him faſten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with baſe prayers,
I ſhould repent the evils I have done;
Ten thouſand, worſe than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our houſehold's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beaſts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
See juſtice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the ſtate;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.



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